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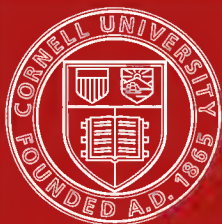
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SHAKSPERE'S
MERCHANT OF VENICE:

THE FIRST (THO WORSE) QUARTO,

1600,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

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To the Memory of

GERVINUS,

TO

DELIUS,

AND ALL OTHER GERMAN SCHOLARS AND STUDENTS

WHO'VE LOVD AND STUDYD

SHAKSPERE.

F. J. F.

[*Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 7.*]

FOREWORDS TO QUARTO 1, 1600.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>§ 1. <i>Tho this Roberts Qo is the earlier, the Heyes Qo is the better, and has a few later revisions by Shakspeare.</i></p> <p>§ 2. <i>The Stationers-Register entries of the 'Booke' to Roberts in 1598,</i></p> | <p><i>and Heyes in 1600, p. 7.</i></p> <p>§ 3. <i>The probable date of the Merchant of Venice, p. 9. Mr. Lee on Lopez and Shylock, p. 10.</i></p> <p>§ 4. <i>This Facsimile, p. 11.</i></p> |
|---|---|

§ 1. THE writer of Introductions to the Fisher and Roberts Quartos of the *Midsommer Nights Dreame*, 1600, when comparing the two Quartos with one another, has merely 1. to confirm the judgment of the Cambridge Editors in 1863,—to show, as their collation did, that the Fisher Qo was the first of the two, and the Roberts the second¹;—2. to snub the less-competent person who supports the converse view. But the writer of Forewords to the Roberts Quarto of the *Merchant of Venice*, 1600, while he can adopt the same Cambridge Editors' views of 1863, that the Roberts Quarto should be calld Q1, as against the Heyes Quarto of the same year, and that neither book was printed from the other, yet has to take some exception to, nay, to dissent from, the same Editors' beliefs that

(1.) "Q1 seems to have been printed by a more accurate printer or 'overseen' by a more accurate corrector than Q2 [right], and therefore *cæteris paribus* we have preferred the authority of Q1" [wrong].

(2.) "there is reason to think they were printed from the same MS. Their agreement in spelling and punctuation, and in manifest errors, is too close to admit of any other hypothesis. We incline to believe that this common MS. was a transcript made from the author's."

¹ "On comparing these two Quartos we find that they correspond page for page, though not line for line, except in the first five pages of sheet G. The printer's errors in Fisher's edition are corrected in that issued by Roberts, and from this circumstance, coupled with the facts that in the Roberts Quarto the 'Exits' are more frequently marked, and that it was not entered at Stationers' Hall, as Fisher's edition was, we infer that the Roberts Quarto was a pirated reprint of Fisher's, probably for the use of the players. This may account for its having been followed by the First Folio. Fisher's edition, though carelessly printed, contains on the whole the best readings, and may have been taken from the author's manuscript. The First Folio edition was printed from Roberts's Quarto, which we have quoted as Q2," vol. ii. p. viii-ix.

As against (1), I think the evidence shows the Heyes Quarto, Q₂, to be the more accurate text, and to have the better claim to be the basis-text of the Play, because it is the truer representative of Shakspeare's original. As to (2), I contend that the two Quartos were printed from different copies¹ of Shakspeare's MS. (or transcripts of it) made from different states of its text, and that the Heyes copy more nearly represents the text revised by Shakspeare,² and is consequently the better Qo of the two.

The settler of the betterness of one Quarto over another, is the betterness of its phrase-readings, which the printer could not have made, and not the betterness of its word or letter-readings, mistakes in which may so easily have been due to printers' slips. Thus in the present business, the student doesn't look first to the class of letter-differences shown in the *dreame* and *creame* line, I. i. 89,

Roberts: There are a sort of men whose visages
Doe dreame and mantle like a standing pond

Heyes: . . . creame

where Roberts's wrong *d* for Heyes's right *c* is a mere accident, but to the differences of reading, where the nonsense of one Quarto, due to the copier rather than the printer, is made good sense by the other Quarto. And here the betterness of the Heyes Quarto is at once establisht by the two following instances: 1. Bassanio, in answer to the disguised Portia's request for her ring on his finger, answers Roberts Qo. *Bass.* There's more then this depends vpon the vawle. Heyes Qo. depends on this then on

¹ PS. After proving this to myself, I found that the Cambridge editors had in their Clarendon Press edition of the *Merchant*, 1874, come to the same conclusion. At p. xxii they say of the Roberts and Heyes Quartos, "They were printed from different transcripts of the author's manuscript."

² If there is anything in Mommsen's and Tanger's point that Shakspeare spelt *-ie* final, the following chance collation of 2 or 3 pages is in favour of the Heyes Qo being the nearer to Shakspeare's spelling.

	HEYES.	ROBERTS.
III. iv. 3.	amitie	amity
—	customarie bountie	customary bounty
— 33.	denie	deny
— 34.	(both have 'necessity')	
[— 63.	accoutered (good)	apparrell]
III. v. 71.	memorie	memory
— 72.	armie	army
— 73.	(both 'tricksie')	

2. *the test-passage*: when Antonio first asks Shylock in I. iii. 64-6 about the loan, the Roberts Quarto has

“Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend
He breake a custome: *are you resolu'd*
How much he would have?” [the italics are mine].

And though you can mend the metre without introducing “yet,” by printing

“Are you resoluëd how much he would have?”

yet few students will doubt that the Heyes Quarto has Shakspeare's reading—revisd, if not original—when it makes Antonio turn to Bassanio, and say

*“is hee yet possest
How much ye would?”*¹

This change cannot have been a copier's or printer's doing, but must have been got from Shakspeare directly, or thru his MS. In III. v. 75, the Heyes Q^o surely too recovers a Shakspeare word in ‘how *cher'st* thou, Iessica?’ for the Roberts ‘*far'st*.’ In II. ii. 22-3, the Roberts Q^o misses Lancelot's point by making him say “Fiend say I you counsel *ill*”, where we *must* have the Heyes “well,” to match the “Conscience say I you counsell well,” and Lancelot's following the Fiend's advice by budging from Shylock. In several other cases where the Roberts Quarto leaves out a necessary word, the Heyes Q^o puts it in, as shown by brackets here:

- | | |
|--------------|--|
| I. i. 46. | [Why] then y[ou] are in loue. |
| I. i. 103. | Come good <i>Lorenzo</i> fare [ye] well a while. |
| I. ii. 34. | no doubt you will neuer be chosen by any rightly,
but one who [you] shall rightly loue. |
| I. ii. 125. | a <i>Venetian</i> [a] Scholler, and a Souldior |
| II. i. 4. | Bring [me] the fairest creature North-ward borne. |
| II. iv. 23. | will you prepare [you] for this maske to night. |
| II. v. 28. | What, are there maskes? Heare [you] me <i>Iessica</i> . |
| II. vi. 33. | Here, catch this Casket, [i]t is worth the paines |
| III. ii. 23. | To eck it, and to dravv [it] out in-length. |
| — 6r. | Liue thou, I liue with much [much] more dismay. ² |

¹ This may involve the change of *Bass.* for *Ant.* in the “And for three months,” with Shylock answering Bassanio, “I had forgot, three months, you told me so,” and then turning to Antonio with “Well, then, your bond.” I prefer this change, but of course the Heyes text may stand as it is.

- III. ii. 82. Some [marke] of vertue on his outward parts
 ——— 266. To feed my meanes. Heere [i]s a Letter Lady
 IV. i. 401-2. Sir, I intreate you home with me [to] dinner.
 I humbly [doe] desire your Grace of pardon.

Moreover, the Roberts Qo sometimes has a word too many—
 between () below—which the Heyes Qo leaves out : as

- I. iii. 179. the Hebrew will turne Christian, he growes (so)
 kinde.
 II. v. 41. Mistresse looke out at (a) window for all this
 III. i. 93. (O) would she were hearst at my foote
 IV. i. 346. Ile stay no longer (heere in) question. *Por.* Tarry
 Iew
 V. i. 67. Come hoe, and wake Diana with (him) a hymne.

Also the Roberts Qo leaves out one line II. vi. 66, p. 28, which
 the Heyes Qo has.

Against these, if my notes can be trusted, there are but few
 worsenesses of the Heyes Qo to be set. The worst case seems to
 be on sign. G4, Heyes, and H, p. 56, of Roberts, where the Duke
 of Devonshire's Heyes copy leaves out the first 3 words of IV. i. 73,
 and the first four of l. 74, as markt ']' here :—

You may as] well vse question with the Wolfe
 Why he hath made] the Ewe bleake for the Lambe

but on turning to the 3 Museum copies of the Heyes Qo, I found
 that tho 'Case 12. g. 11' had the same fault as the Duke's copy,
 yet 'Case 12. g. 32' (formerly 162. d. 70) and 'Case 34. k. 22'
 (formerly C. 34. e. 13) had the lines right, as in the Roberts Qto;¹
 so this blemish in a few copies can't fairly be set down to the
 Heyes Qo. But at the end of II. ii. all the Museum copies of
 the Heyes Qo, as well as the Duke's, wrongly leave out "of an
 eye" after "in the twinkling"; and in V. i. 152 omit 'it.'

In word and phrase-readings the balance of betterness is on the
 side of the Heyes Qo. Compare

¹ The Cambridge editors had, I afterwards found, spotted in 1863 (as others
 had done before them) the mistake in the Duke's copy : see their Note XIII,
 vol ii. p. 371. Their work is a pleasure to follow.

HEYES.			ROBERTS.	
I.	i.	33.	all her spices	all the spices
I.	iii.	120.	moneyes	money
II.	ii.	39.	try confusions	t. conclusions
		84.	in the ende	at the length
II.	iv.	10.	And it shal please,	If it please
II.	viii.	39.	Slumber	Slubber
III.	i.	8.	gossip report	gossips r.
		27.	you knew	you know
		61.	not	nos
III.	ii.	146.	peales (of prase)	pearles
IV.	i.	179.	impugne	impunge
		196.	likest	liks't
		354.	coffer	costen
		435.	will I giue	I will giue
		455.	<i>Exit</i>	<i>Exeunt</i>
V.	i.	6.	Cressada	Cressed
		59.	pattens	pattents
	148,	151.	posie	poesie
		213.	goe displeasd away	go away, displeasd.

On the other hand, the Heyes Qo has some bad misprints, probably mainly due to Roberts's carelessness: 'muder' for 'Murther,' II. ii. 83; (?) 'ore-stare' for 'out-stare,' II. i. 27; '*Iobbe*' for '*Gobbo*,' II. ii. 4-8; 'incarnation' for 'incarnall,' II. ii. 28; 'lost' for 'last,' II. ii. 105; 'sute' for 'a sute,' II. ii. 186; 'gentle,' for 'Gentile,' II. vi. 51; 'iudement' for 'iudgement,' II. ix. 64; 'flidge' for 'fledg'd,' III. i. 32; 'one' for 'in one,' III. i. 114; 'cosin' for 'Cosins,' III. iv. 50; 'in' for 'e'ne,' III. v. 24; 'it' for 'then,' III. v. 82; 'states' for 'state,' IV. i. 30; 'as' for 'tis,' IV. i. 100; 'takst' for 'cutst,' IV. i. 322; 'not to' for 'not,' IV. i. 400; 'his' for 'This,' IV. ii. 9; '& M.' for 'M.,' V. i. 41; 'Stephen' for 'Stephano,' V. i. 51 show a worseness in the Heyes Qo to the Roberts, tho on the whole the Heyes remains the better text of the two, its mistakes being more accidental, its improvements intentional. (The Heyes 'cruelty' for 'misery,' III. iv. 21; and 'till' for 'That,' V. i. 305, Roberts, are, at least, equally good readings.) But both Quartos are most excellent ones.

§ 2. After the first Part of *Henry IV* had been enterd on the Stationers' Register to Andrew Wyse on Feb. 25, 1598, (Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 105,) came on July 22, 1598, the following entry to James Robertes :—

"Entred for his copie vnder the handes of both the wardens, a booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyce / Prouided that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes or anye other whatsoeuer without lycence first had from the Right honorable the lord Chamberlen . . . vj^d." Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 122.

More than two years later, 20 days after the entry of the '*Mydsommer nightes Dreame*' to Thomas Fisher, came that of the *Merchant* to "Thomas Haies," on Oct. 28, 1600.

"Entred for his copie under the handes of the Wardens and by Consent of master Robertes. A booke called the booke of the merchant of Venyce, . . . vj^d." *Transcript*, iii. 175.

From these entries we may gather, that in 1598 Roberts had got hold of a copy of the play; that, fearing loss from its publication, Shakspeare's company, the Lord Chamberlain's, applied to their patron to stop the printing of it for a time, which he did; that then in 1600,—after not only the First and Second Parts of *Henry IV*,¹ *Henry V*,² *Much Ado*,³ and *As You Like It*⁴ had been entered in the Register, and four of them printed,—the Company ceast to care so much about the *Merchant*; that they let Heyes take or have a copy of the play,—with a few later corrections than Robertses copy had—and agreed to both Quartos coming out, Roberts getting the printing of Heyes's version⁵ (after his own was in hand, if not done and lying by him) in consideration of his consent to the rival copy's appearing⁶; that the Company then kept Heyes's Quarto by them.

¹ Pt. I, Feb. 25, 1598 (printed 1598), *Transcript*, iii. 105; Pt. II, 23 Aug. 1600, *Transcript*, iii. 170.

² 4 & 13 Aug. 1600, *Transcript*, iii. 37, 169.

³ 4 & 23 Aug. 1600, *Transcript*, iii. 37, 170.

⁴ 4 Aug. 1600, *Transcript*, iii. 37.

⁶ On Aug. 27, 1596, James Roberts was fined for pirating 'a book called *Newe tydings*'; on Sep. 1, 1595 he was ordered to stop printing 'The brief catechisme,' with the A. B. C., Letany, and other things inserted. In 1599 he

corrected it here and there, and used it for the First Folio, which is clearly printed from it. Roberts 'got up' Heyes's Qo less carefully than his own, in a type short of capitals, that he had to help out with initial caps; and they ran short too. He put 37 lines in each of its pages, as against 36 in his own.

§ 3. *The date of the 'Merchant.'* The only clear outside evidence is the 1598 entry (as above) in the Stationers Register C, and Meres's 1598 mention of the play: "for Comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labors lost*, his *Love labours wonne*, his *Midsummer night dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice*." These give us the downward limit of date. I do not believe that the new play of "the Venecyon comedy," acted the "25 of aguste 1594" (Henslowe's *Diary*, p. 40), can have been Shakspeare's *Merchant*. That play belongs to his Second Period, not his First; it "is the first full Shakspeare," the prelude to the glorious group of *Much Ado*, *As you like it*, *Twelfth Night*, 1599-1600, tho not up to the full power and characterization of, either them, or the First and Second Parts of *Henry the Fourth*, which cannot date later than 1597, 1598. In my belief *The Merchant*, in 1596, followd *King John* in 1595; and together they open royally the brilliant, happy Second Period of Shakspeare's art. Of his Comedies, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is the only real original drama of his First Period;—*L. L. Lost* is a play of conversation and situation; the *Errors* plot is Plautus's; the *Dream* is more poem than play;—and with the *Two Gentlemen* one has but to contrast the *Merchant*, to see how splendid an advance Shakspeare has made.¹ But still there linger weaknesses of construction and work, survivals of the First Period, which show us that the *Merchant* was before 1 *Henry IV*. Those three Casket trials, with their long soliloquies, would not have been allowd so to

seems to have pirated William Wood's 'Markhams Horsemanship,' and settled the dispute by giving up his pirated sheets of the book, on payment for them, and getting the right of printing future editions (as probably with Heyes above). Herbert's *Ames*, ii. 1030-1. Roberts printed an *M. N. Dr.* Qo in 1600 (he publisht this), *Titus Andronicus* in 1600, and the Second Quarto of *Hamlet* in 1604.

¹ I think Launce and his dog a truer creation than 'Launce-let,' tho of course an earlier one.

stop the action of the play, the development of the plot, at a later time. Launcelot has still too much about him of his prototype of the First Period, Launce,¹ and like him imitates Davus in Terences *Andria*, I. iii. There are still 4 lines of doggerel—two in Gratiano's mouth too (I. i. 111-112),—still much ryme, frequent classical allusions, and bits of greasiness, tho veild. But what a gulf separates the *Merchant* from an early play like the *Dream*, may be realizd by contrasting Portia, every inch a lady, with Hermia and Helena, beside her but overgrown country school-girls.

If the fate of Q. Elizabeth's Jew physician, Roderigo Lopez, who with 2 other Portuguese was hung and quarterd while alive, on June 7, 1594, for conspiring to poison Queen Elizabeth,²—so impresst folk's minds that it was taken by Dekker as one of the most prominent features of his *Whore of Babylon*, 1607, and was mentioned by Middleton in his *Game of Chesse* (pr. 1625), I do not see why it, and the discussions he must have heard on it, should not have suggested to Shakspere some of the thoughts which he has expresst by Shylock's mouth.³ On this subject see Mr. S. L. Lee's able Paper in the *Gent.'s Mag.*, February, 1880. Mr. Lee shows the

¹ Compare the two parallel scenes of Julia and Lucetta discussing the former's lovers and her page's dress, *Two Gent.*, I. ii., II. vii., 39—58, with Portia and Nerissa discussing Portia's lovers, and man's dress, *Merch.*, I. ii. and III. iv. 60—84. These two pairs of scenes should be read together.

² See Stowe's *Annales*, 1605, p. (1274) 1278: "The 7 of June [1594] Rodericke Loppez, with two other Portingales were conuained . . . to the kings bench, there laide on hurdles, and conuained by the sheriffes of London ouer the bridge, vp to Leaden hall, and so to Tyborne, and there hanged, cutte downe aliue, holden downe by strength of men, dismembred, bowelled, headed and quartered, their quarters set on the gates of the citie." (The good old times! One wouldn't wish to treat even a Tory so now.)

³ 1607. Dekker introduces him [Lopez, by the name of Ropus], actually making an attempt [by poison] on the Queen's life, in the following passage of the *Whore of Babylon* [the Pope], 1607:

"*Titania.* Is Lupus here, our Doctor?" &c.

Dyce's Note in T. Middleton's *Game at Chess*, IV. ii. M's Works, ed. Dyce, iv. 384-5. The passage in Middleton is:

"B. KNIGHT. (reads) Promised also to doctor Lopez for poisoning the maiden queen of the White Kingdom, ducats twenty thousand; wchich said sum was afterwards given as a meritorious alms to the nunnery at Lisbon, having at this present ten thousand pounds more at use in the town-house of Antwerp."

Lopez is also mentiond in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*; and Beaumont and Fletcher calld their 'sordid usurer' in their *Women Pleas'd*, *Lopez. Gent.'s Mag.* vol. 246, p. 200.

close connection between Lopez, and his enemy and accuser Don Antonio, the Portuguese pretender, and argues strongly for 1594 as the date of the supposed first Henslowe cast of the *Merchant*. He also says,

“What we may fairly claim to have proved is, that Jews were residing in England in Shakespeare’s day, and that the Jew of Venice bears evidence of having had a contemporary prototype. We have placed, at least, beyond all reasonable doubt, the facts that one Jew of England came into considerable prominence while the dramatist was growing up to manhood, and was treated with great indignity because of his religious belief towards the end of his remarkable career. We have shown what grounds there are for believing that Shakespeare and his friend Burbage came into contact with this famous Jew [James Burbage, the father, headed Lord Leicester’s Players, and Lopez was attached to Leicester’s household]; and we have pointed out how the name and character of Lopez’s accuser correspond with the name and character of Shylock’s enemy.”¹

§ 4. This Facsimile is from the Duke of Devonshire’s copy of Roberts’s Quarto.² The mounter of it has been more merciful than of wont, and has not cut into any head-lines or signatures. The head-line “*The Comicall History of the Merchant of Venice*” confirms the tradition that Shylock was played by the chief comedian,³ unless that tradition applies only to Lord Lansdowne’s version of *The Merchant*, 1701, in which Dogget played Shylock. (See Baker, *Biog. Dram.* 1812, ii. 345, col. 2.) Downes describes

“Mr. Dogget. On the Stage, he’s very Aspectabund, wearing a Farce in his Face; his Thoughts deliberately forming his Utterance Congruous to his Looks: He is the only Comick Original now Extant: Witness, *Ben. Solon, Nikin, The Jew of Venice, &c.*” *Hist. Rev. of English Stage*, 1660—1706, p. 52, ed. 1708.

The few lines that are emended in the Globe edition are daggered (†) at the side. This fac-simile is about a line shorter than the original: the photographer has been slightly at fault.

¹ The imitation of part of the *Merchant*, in *Wilie Beguilie*, cannot date Shakspeare’s play before 1596, because the phrase ‘Wily beguily,’ in some form or other, was a kind of saw or proverb, and the use of it implied no reference to the later play so call’d.

² Mr. Griggs having lately got again the Duke’s copy of the Heyes Quarto, the photographs of which he could not complete last year, the Heyes Qo will be finisht, foreworded, and sent out forthwith.

³ And in a red beard. (But on this lawn of pretty Castell Farm, looking up a tormented gorge to Snowdon and crested Lliwedd, over freshly-mown meadows and pine-wood ranges, I have no books to give references, Aug. 10, 1880.)

THE PERSONS WHO ACT ¹*(set down in the Order of their Oncoming).*

- ANTHONIO (the Merchant), p. 2, 11, 28, 48, 54, 73 (with followers).
 SALARYNO (OR SALARINO), p. 2, 23, 26, 31, 35, 48.
 SALANIO, p. 2, 23, 31, 35.
 BASSANIO, p. 4, 10, 20 (with a follower or two), 38 (with his traine),
 54, 73 (with followers).
 LORENZO (OR LORENZO), p. 4, 23, 27, 45, 49, 52, 68.
 GRATIANO, p. 4, 22, 23, 26, 38 (see 44), 54, 68, 73.
 PORTIA, p. 7, 16 & 28 (with her traine), 32, 38 (with her traine), 49,
 59 (for a young Doctor of Rome, BALTHAZER), 71.
 NERRISSA, *her waiting Woman*, p. 7, 16, 30, 32, 38 (see 44), 49, 58,
 68, 71.
A Serving-Man, p. 10.
 SHYLOCKE *the Jew*, p. 10, 24, 36, 48, 55.
 MOROCHUS, *a tawny Moore, and three or foure Followers*, p. 16, 28
 (MORROCHO, with his traine).
 LANCELET GOBBO, *the Clowne*, p. 17, 23, 24 (twice), 52, 70.
Old GOBBO, p. 18.
 IESSICA (Shylockes daughter), p. 21, 23, 25, 27, 28, 45, 49, 52, 68.
A Seruitor (of Portias), p. 32.
 ARRAGON, with *his traine*, p. 32.
A Messenger, p. 35.
A Man from Anthonio, p. 37.
 TUBALL, p. 37.
Musicke (with *The Singers of a Song*), p. 40, 71.
 SALERIO, *a Messenger from Venice*, p. 45, 57.
 The *Taylor*, p. 48.
 BALTHASER, *a man of Portias*, p. 49.
 The *DUKE of Venice*, with *the Magnificos*, p. 54.
 STEPHANO, *a Messenger*, p. 69.

¹ This name is from vol. ii. of Ben Jonson's *Works*, fol., ed. 1640.

THE
EXCELLENT
 History of the Mer-
chant of Venice.

With the extreme cruelty of *Shylocke*
 the Jew towards the faide Merchant, in cut-
ting a iust pound of his flesh. And the obtaining
of Portia, by the choyse of
three Caskets.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.



Printed by *F. Roberts*, 1600



The Comical History of the *Merchant of Venice.*

Enter Antonio, Salaryno, and Salanio.



Antonio. Insooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me, you say it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe tis made off, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne : & such a want-wit sadnes makes
of me,

That I haue much adoe to know my selfe.

Salaryno. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly sayle,
Like Signiors and rich Burgars on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Doe ouer-peere the petty traffiquers
That curse to them, do them reuerence
As they flie by them with their wouen wings.

Salanio. Beleue me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grasse, to know where sits the winde,
Piering in Maps, for Ports, for Peeres and Rodes ;
And every obiect that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

A 2

Salar.

(Globe)
Act. I.
Sc. I.

4

8

14

16

20

The Comickall History of

22 *Salar.* My winde cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
 24 What harme a winde too great at sea, might do.
 I should not see the sandy howre-glasse runne,
 But I should thinke of shallowes, and of flats,
 * And see my wealthy *Andrew* dockes in sand,
 28 Veyling her high top lower then her ribs,
 To kisse her buriall. Should I go to Church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethinke me tstraight of dangerous rockes,
 32 Which touching but my gentle vessels side,
 Would scatter all the spices on the streame,
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my filkes ;
 And in a word, but euen now worth this,
 36 And now worth nothing ? Shall I haue the thought
 To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought,
 That such a thing be-chanc'd would make me sad ?
 But tell not me, I know *Antonio*
 40 Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeue me no : I thanke my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
 Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
 44 Vpon the fortune of this present yeare :
 Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Salar. Then y'are in loue.

Anth. Fic, fie.

48 *Salar.* Not in loue neither ? Then let vs say you are sad,
 Because you are not merry : and 'twere as easie
 For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry,
 Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
 Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
 52 Some that will euermore peepe through their eies,
 And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
 And other of such vinegar aspect,
 That they'l not shew their teeth in way of smile,
 56 Though Nestor sweare the iest be laughable.

Enter

the Merchant of Venice.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes *Bassanio* your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and *Lorenzo* : Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company.

Salan. I would haue staide till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.

Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
I take it your owne businesse calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salan. Good morrow my good Lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ? say, when ?
You grow exceeding strange : must it be so ?

Salan. Wee'l make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you haue found *Antonio*,
we two will leaue you ; but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we must meete.

Bass. I will not faile you.

Exit.

Grat. You looke not well signior *Antonio*.
You haue too much respect vpon the world :
They loose it that do buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are meruailously chang'd.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano* .
A stage, where euery one must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the foole,
with mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandfire cut in Alablaster ?
Sleepe when he wakes ? and creepe into the Iaundies.
By being peeuish ? I tell thee what *Antonio*,
I loue thee, and tis my loue that speaks.
There are a sort of men, whose visages

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89 Doe dreame and mantle like a standing poud,
 And do a wilfull stilnesse entertaine,
 With purpose to be drest in an opinion
 92 Of wisdom, grauity, profound conceit,
 As who should say, I am fir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips, let no dog barke.
 O my *Antonio*, I do know of those
 96 That therefore onely are reputed wise
 For saying nothing; when I am very sure
 If they should speake, would almost dam those eares,
 Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
 100 Ile tell thee more of this another time,
 But sish not with this melancholy baite,
 For this foole gudgin, this opinion:
 Come good *Lorenzo*, farwell a while,
 104 Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Loren. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time,
 I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
 For *Gratiano* neuer lets me speake.

108 *Gra.* Well, keepe me company but two yeares moe,
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

An. Farwell, Ile grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks ifaith, for silence is onely commendable
 112 In a neats tongue dried, and a maide not vendable.

Exeunt.

An. It is that any thing now.

116-17 *Bass.* *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then
 any man in all *Venice*, his reasons are as two graines of wheate
 hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall seeke all day ere you
 finde them, and when you haue them, they are not worth the
 searsh.

120 *Ant.* Well, tell me now what Lady is the same
 To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
 That you to day promised to tell me of.

123 *Bass.* Tis not vnknowne to you *Antonio*,
 How much I haue disabled mine estate,

By

the Merchant of Venice.

By something shewing a more swelling port,
 Then my faint meanes would grant continuance :
 Nor do I now make moane to be abridg'd
 From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
 Is to come fairely off from the great debts
 Wherein my time something too prodigall
 Hath left me gag'd : to you *Antonio*,
 I owe the most in money and in loue,
 And from your loue I haue a warranty
 To vnburthen all my plots and purposes
 How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

Antho. I pray you good *Bassanio*, let me know it,
 And if it stand as you your selfe still do,
 Within the eye of honour, be assured
 My purse, my person, my extremeſt meanes
 Lie all vnlockt to your occasions,

Bass. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft,
 I shot his fellow of the selfe-same flight
 The selfe-same way, with more aduised watch
 To finde the other fourth, and by aduentring both
 I oft found both : I vrge this child-hood prooffe,
 Because what followes, is pure inno cence.
 I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
 That which I owe is lost, but if you please
 To shoote another arrow that selfe way
 Which you did shoote the first, I do not doubt,
 As I will watch the ayme or to finde both,
 Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,
 And thankfully rest debter for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and heerein spend but time
 To wind about my loue with circumstance,
 And out of doubt you do me now more wrong,
 In making question of my vttermoſt,
 Then if you had made waste of all I haue :
 Then do but say to me, what I should do,
 That in your knowledge may by me be done,

And

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I.i.*The Comicall History of*

160 And I am prest vnto it, therefore speake.

Bass. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues. Sometimes from her eyes
164 I did receiue faire speechlesse messages :

Her name is *Portia* ; nothing vnder-valew'd
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*.

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
168 For the foure winds blow in from euery coast
Renowned sutors, and her sunny lockes
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
which makes her feat of *Belmont*, *Colchos* strond,
172 And many *Iasons* comes in quest of her.

O my *Anthanio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a riuall place with one of them,
I haue a minde presages me such thrift,
176 That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Ant. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither haue I money, nor commodity,
To raise a present summe. Therefore go forth,
180 Try what my credit can in Venice do,
That shall be rackt cuen to the vttermost,
To furnish thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.

Go presently enquire, and so will I
where money is, and I no question make,
185 To haue it of my trust, or for my sake. *Exeunt*

I.ii.

Enter Portia with her waiting Woman Nerriſſa.

Portia. By my troth *Nerriſſa*, my little body is a wearie of
this great world.

3 *Ner.* You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the
same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yer for ought I
7 see, they are as sick that surfer with too much, as they that starue
with nothing; it is no meane happinesse therefore to be seated
10 in the meane, superfluity comes sooner by white haire, but
competency liues longer.

Por.

the Merchant of Venice.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do, were as easie as to know what were good to do, Chappels had bene Churches, and poore mens cottages, Princes Pallaces; it is a good diuine that followes his owne instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to bee done, then to be one of the twenty to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuise lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip ore the meshes of good counsell the cripple; but this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband; O me, the word choose, I may neyther choose who I would, nor refuse who I dislike, so is the will of a liuing daughter curbd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard *Nerissa*, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men at their death haue good inspirations, therefore the lottry that he hath deuised in these three chests of gold, siluer, and leade, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, no doubt you wil nener be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly loue: But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princely suters that are already come?

Por. I prethee ouer-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describethem, and according to my description, leuell at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitane Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeed, for hee doth nothing but talke of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation vnto his owne good parts, that he can shoo himselfe: I am much afeard my Lady his Mother plaid false with a smith.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, if you will not haue me, choose; he heares merry tales and smiles not, I feare he will prooue the weeping Philosopher whe he growes old, being so full of vnmanerly sadnesse in his youth.) I had rather be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then

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to eyther of these : God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, *Mounsier le Boune* ?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horse better then the Neapolitans, a better bad habite offrowning then the Count Palatine, hee is euery man in no man, if a Trassell sing, hee fals straight a capring, hee will fence with his owne shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands : if he would despise me, I would forgieue him, for if he loue me to madnesse, I shall neuer requite him.

Ner. What say you then to *Faucenbridge*, the young Baron of England ?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he vnderstands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, & you will come into the Court and swear that I haue a poore penniworth in the English : he is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerse with a dumbe show ? how odly he is suted, I think he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaiour euery where.

Nerissa. What thinke you of the Scottish Lord his Neighbour ?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him againe when he was able : I thinke the Frenchman became his surety, and seald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young *Germaine*, the Duke of *Saxones* nephew ?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when he is sober, and most vily in the afternoone when he is drunke : when he is best, hee is a little worse then a man, and when he is worst he is little better then a beast ; and the worst fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to performe your fathers wil, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worst, I prethee set a deep glasse of

the Merchant of Venice.

of Reynish Wine on the contrary Casket, for if the diuell bee within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing *Nerissa*, ere ile be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not feare Lady, the hauing any of these Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more sute, vnlesse you may be won by some other sort then your fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I liue to be as olde as *Sibilla*, I will die as chaste as *Diana*, vnlesse I bee obtained by the manner of my fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; & I pray God grant them a faire departure.

Ner. Do you not remember Lady in your fathers time, a *Venetian* Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in company of the Marquesse of *Mountferrat*?

Portia. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I thinke he was so call'd.

Ner. True Maddam, he of all the men that euer my foolish eyes lookt vpon, was the best deseruing a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

How now, what newes?

Enter a seruingman.

Ser. The foure strangers seeke for you Madame, to take their leaue; and there is a fore-runner come from a sife, the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Master will be heere to night.

Por. If I could bid the sife welcome, with so good a heart as I can bid the other foure farwell, I should be glad of his approach: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complection of a diuell, I had rather he should shriue me then wiue me. Come *Nerissa*, sirra go before: whiles we shut the gates vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore.

Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio, with Shylocke the Iew.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, well.

Bass. I six, for three months.

B 2

Shy.

705

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Shy. For three moneths, well.

Bass. For the which as I told you,

Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. *Antonio* shall become bound, well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me?

Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three moneths,

and *Antonio* bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. *Antonio* is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no : my meaning in saying hee is a good man, is to have you vnderstand me, that he is sufficient, yet his meanes are in supposition: he hath an *Argosie* bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*, I vnderstand moreouer vpon the *Ryalta*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, & other ventures he hath squandred abroad, but ships are but boards, Saylers but men; there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues, and land theeues, I meane *Pyrats*, and then there is the perill of waters, windes, and rockes: the man is notwithstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethinke me, may I speake with *Antonio*?

Bass. If it please you to dine with vs.

Shy. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the *Nazarite* coniured the diuell into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the *Ryalto*, who is he comes heere?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signiour *Antonio*.

Shy. How like a fawning Publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a *Christian*:

But

the Merchant of Venice.

But more, for that in lowe simplicity
 He lends out mony gratis, and brings downe
 The rate of vsance heere with vs in *Venice*.
 If I can catch him once vpon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
 He hates our sacred Nation, and he rayles
 Euen there where Merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargaines, and my well-won thrife,
 Which he cals interest: Cursed be my Tribe
 If I forgie him.

Bass. *Shylocke*, do you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
 And by the neere guesse of my memory,
 I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse
 Of full three thousand ducats: what of that? •

Tuball, a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe,
 Will furnish me; but soft, how many months
 Doe you desire? Rest you faire good Signior,
 Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Ant. *Shylocke*, although I neither lend nor borrow,
 By taking nor by giuing of excesse,
 Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
 Ile breake a custome: are you resolu'd,
 How much he would haue?

Shy. I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three moneths.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
 Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,
 Me-thought you said, you neither lend nor borrow
 Vpon aduantage.

Ant. I do neuer vse it.

Shy. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vnckle *Labans* sheepe,
 This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was
 (As his wife Mother wrought in his behalfe)
 The third possesser; I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?

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77 *Shy.* No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, marke what *Jacob* did,
80 When *Laban* and himselfe were compremyzd,
That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied,
Should fall as *Jacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In th'end of Autume turned to the Rams,
84 And when the worke of generation was
Betweene these woolly breeders in the acte,
The skillfull shepheard pyld me certaine wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kinde,
88 He stucke them vp before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceiuing, did in eaning time
Fall parry-coloured lambes, and those were *Jacobs*.
This was a way to thriue, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

92 *Ant.* This was a venture sir, that *Jacob* ser'ud for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But swavd and fashio'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
96 Or is your gold and siluer, Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast,
But nore me signior.

Ant. Marke you this *Bassanio*,
100 The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An euill soule producing holy witnesse,
Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falshood hath.

104 *Shy.* Three thousand ducats, tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well *Shyllocke*, shall we be beholding to you?

108 *Shy.* Signior *Anthony*, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my monies and my vsances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,
111 (For sufferance is the badge of all our Tribe)

You

the Merchant of Venice.

You call me misbeleuer, cut-throate dog,
And spet vpon my *Iewish* gaberdine,
And all for vse of that which is mine owne.

112

Well then, it now appeares you need my helpe:

Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylocke, we would haue monies, you say so:
You that did voyd your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you spurne a stranger curre
Ouer your threshold, money is your sute,
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible

116

120

A curre can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key,
With bated breath, and whispring humblenesse
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on wendsday last,
You spurn'd me such a day another time,
You call'd me dog: and for these curtesies
Ile lend you thus much monies.

124

126-7

128

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee to.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A breed for barren mertall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he breake, thou maist with better face
Exact the penalty.

132

136

Shy. Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the shames that you haue stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doyte
Of vsance for my monies, and you'l not heare me,
This is kinde I offer.

140

Bass. This were kindnesse.

Shy. This kindnesse will I show,
Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single bond, and in a merry sport,

144

IF

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148 If you repay me not on such a day
 In such a place, such summe or summes as are
 Express't in the condition, let the forfeit
 Be nominated for an equall pound
 Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
 152 In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content ifaith, ile seale to such a bond,
 And say there is much kindnesse in the *Jew*.

156 *Bass.* You shall nor seale to such a bond for me,
 Ile rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forget it,
 Within these two months, that's a month before
 This bond expires, I do expect returne
 160 Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father *Abram*, what these Christians are,
 Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect
 The thoughts of others: pray you tell me this,
 164 If he should breake his day, what should I gaine
 By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
 Is not so estimable, profitable neyther
 168 As flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goats, I say,
 To buy his fauour, I extend this friendship,
 If he will take it so, if not adiew,
 And for my loue, I pray you wrong me not.

172 *Ant.* Yes *Shylocke*, I will seale vnto this bond.

Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
 Giue him direction for this merry bond,
 And I will goe and purse the ducats straight,
 176 See to my house, left in the fearefull guard
 Of an vnthrifty knaue; and presently
 Ile be with you.

Exit.

Ant. Hie thee gentle *Jew*: the Hebrew will turne Christian,
 he growes so kinde.

180 *Bass.* I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismay.

My

the Merchant of Venice.

My ships come home a month before the day.

Exeunt

182

*Enter Morochus a tawny Moore all in white, and three or
four followers accordingly, with Portia
Nerrissa, & their traine.*

Moroc. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnisht sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring the fairest creature North-ward borne,
Where Phœbus fire scarce thawes the yficles,
And let vs make incision for your loue,
To proue whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I toll thee Lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant (by my Loue I sweare)
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Hath lou'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

44

8

12

Por. In termes of choise I am not soly led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes.
Besides, the Lottry of my destiny
Barres me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yeeld my selfe
His wife, who winnes me by that meanes I told you,
Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire
As any commer I haue look'd on yet,
For my affection.

16

20

Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune. By this Semitaur
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian Prince,
That wonne three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that looke:
Out-braue the heart most daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the shee-Bear,

24

28

II. i.*The Comicall History of*

30 Yea, moeke the Lyon when he rores for prey,
 To win the Lady. But alas, the while
 32 If *Hercules* and *Lycbas* play at dice
 Which is the better man, the greater throw
 May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
 So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
 36 And so may I, blinde fortune leading mee,
 Misse that which one vnworthier may attaine,
 And dye with greewing.

Portia. You must take your chance,
 And either not attempt to choose at all,
 40 Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
 Neuer to speake to Lady afterward
 In way of marriage, therefore be ad uisde.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me to my chance

44 *Por.* First forward to the Temple, after dinner
 Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
 46 To make me blest, or cursedst among men.

*Exeunt.*II. ii.*Enter the Clowne alone.*

Clowne. Certainly, my conscience will serue me to run from
 this Iew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me
 4 saying to mee, *Gobbo*, *Lancelet Gobbo*, good *Lancelet*, or good
Gobbo, or good *Lancelet Gobbo*, vse your legges, take the starte,
 runne away: My Conscience sayes no; take heed honest *Lance-*
 8 *let*, take heede honest *Gobbo*, or as aforesaide, honest *Launcelet*
Gobbo, do not runne, scorne running with thy heeles. Well, the
 most couragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* sayes the fiend, away
 12 sayes the fiend, for the heauens rouse vp a braue mind sayes the
 fiend, and runne. Well, my conscience hanging about the neck
 of my heart, sayes very wisely to me; My honest friend *Lance-*
 16 *let*, being an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans
 sonne, for indeede my Father did something smack, something
 grow too, he had a kinde of taste: well, my conscience sayes
 bouge

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bouge not ; bouge saies the fiend ; bouge not sayes my Con-
 science. Conscience say I you counsell well ; Fiend say I you
 counsell ill. To be rul'd by my Conscience, I should stay with
 the Iew my master, who (God blesse the marke) is a kinde of
 diuell ; and to runne away from the Iew, I should be rul'de by
 the fiend, who (sauing your reuerence) is the Diuell himselve.
 Certainly the Iew is the very diuell incarnall, and in my consci-
 ence, my conscience is but a kinde of hard conscience, to offer
 to counsell me to stay with the Iew. The fiende giues the more
 friendly counsaile, I will run fiend, my heeles are at your com-
 mand, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.

Gobbo. Master yong man, you I pray you, which is the way
 to Master Iewes ?

Lance. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who be-
 ing more then sand blind, high grauell blinde, knowes me not,
 I will try conclusions with him.

Gobbo. Master yong Gentleman, I pray you which is the way
 to master Iewes ?

Lance. Turne vp on your right hand at the next turning, but
 at the next turning of all on your left ; marry at the verie nexte
 turning turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectly vnto the
 Iewes house.

Gobbo. Be Gods fonties twill bee a hard way to hit, can you
 tell me whither one *Lancelet* that dwels wirth him, dwell with
 him, or no ?

Lancelet. Talke you of young master *Lancelet* ? Marke mee
 now, now will I raise the waters :

Talke you of yong M. *Lancelet* ?

Gobbo. No master fir, but a poore mans sonne.
 His Father (though I say it)
 Is an honest exceeding poore man,
 And God be thanked, well to liue.

Lancelet. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talk of yong
 master

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Master *Launcelet*.

58 *Gob.* Your worships friend, and *Lancelet* sir.

Lan. But I pray you *ergo* olde man, *ergo* I beseech you, talke you of yong M. *Lancelet*.

61-2 *Gob.* Of *Lancelet* an't please your mastership.

66 *Lan.* *Ergo* master *Lancelet*, talkè not of maister *Lancelet* Father; for the yong Gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or as you would say in plain terms, gone to heauen.

70 *Gob.* Marry God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my very prop.

Lance. Do I looke like a cudgell or a houell poste, a staffe, or a prop: do you know me Father.

74 *Gob.* Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy (G O D rest his soule) alieue or dead.

Lance. Do you not know me Father?

77 *Gob.* Alacke sir, I am sand blinde, I know you not.

80 *Lan.* Nay, in deede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his own child. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your sonne, giue mee your blessing; Trueth will come to light, Murther cannot be hidde long, a mans sonne may, but at the length trueth will out.

86 *Gobbo.* Pray you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

88 *Lance.* Pray you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue me your blessing; I am *Lancelot* your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

92 *Gob.* I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Lance. I know not what I shall thinke of that, but I am *Lancelet* the Jews man, and I am sure *Margery* your wife is my mother

96 *Gob.* Her name is *Margery* indeede, ile be sworne if thou bee *Lancelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worships might

the Merchant of Venice.

might he be, what a beard hast thou got? thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbins my pilhorse has on his tale.

Lan. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure he had more haire of his tayle then I haue of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doest thou and thy Master agree? I haue brought him a present; how agree you now?

Lance. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to runne away, so I will not rest till I haue run some ground; My master's a very Iew, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euery finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Master *Bassanio*, who indeed giues rare new lueries, if I serue not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iew if I serue the Iew any longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Lyeries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

Exit one of his men.

Lance. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your Worship.

Bass. Gramercy, wouldst thou ought with me?

Gob. Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

Lance. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Iewes man that wold sir, as my father shall specifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serue.

Lance. Indeed the short and the long is, I serue the Iew, and haue a desire as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. His Master and he (sauing your worships reuerence) are scarce catercosins,

The Comickall History of

140 *Lan.* To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Jew hauing don
me wrong, doth cause me as my Father, being I hope, an olde
man, shall frutifie vnto you.

144 *Gob.* I haue heere a dish of Doues that I would bestow vpon
your worship: and my sute is—————

148 *Lan.* In very briefe, the sute is impertinent to my selfe, as
your worship shal know by this honest old man, and though I
say it, though old man, yet poore man my father.

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you fir.

152 *Gob.* That is the verie defect of the matter fir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy sute,
Shylocke thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
156 To leaue a rich Iewes seruice, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Lan. The old Prouerbe is very well parted between my ma-
ster *Shylocke* and you fir, You haue the grace of God fir, and hee
160 hath enough.

Bass. Thou speakest it well, Go Father with thy sonne,
Take leaue of thy old master, and enquire
My Lodging out. Giue him a Liuery
164 More garded then his fellowes, see it done.

Lan. Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I ha nere a tongue
in my head. Well, if any man in *Italy* haue a fairer table which
168 doth offer to sweare vppon a booke, I shall haue good fortune.
Go too, heere's a simple line of life, here's a smal trifle of wiues:
Alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, eleuen VViddowes and nine
172 maids, is a simple comming in for one man, and then to escape
drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of
a feather-bed, heere are simple scapes: well, if Fortune bee a
woman, shee's a good wench for this geere. Father, come, ile
176-7 take my leaue of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

Exit Clowne.

179 *Bass.* I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,

Returne

the Merchant of Venice.

Returne in hast, for I do feast to night,
My best esteem'd acquaintance, hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeours shall be done heerein.

Exit

180

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Master.

Leon. Yonder fir he walkes.

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*.

Bass. *Gratiano* ?

Gra. I haue a sute to you.

Bass. You haue obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must go with you to *Belmont*.

Bass. Why then you must. But heare thee *Gratiano*,

184

187-8

Thou art too wilde, too rude, and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eies as ours appeare not faults,
But where thou art not knowne. Why there they shew
Something too lib'rall : prethee take paine
To allay with some cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wilde behaiour
I be misconstr'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

192

196

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*, heare me :
If I do not put on a sober habite,
Talke with respect, and sweare but now and than ;
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while Grace is saying, hood mine eies
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen :
Vie all the obseruance of ciuility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more.

200

204

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
By what we do to night.

208

Bass. No that were pittie.

I would entreate you rather to put on

210

Your

II.ii.*The Comicall History of*

211 Your boldest sute of mirth, for we haue friends
That purpose merriment : but faryewell,
I haue some businesse.

216 *Gra.* And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest,
But we will visite you at supper time.

*Exeunt.*II.iii.*Enter Iessica and the Clowne.*

4 *Iessica.* I am sorry thou wilt leaue my Father so,
Our house is bell, and thou a merry diuell
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousnesse,
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And *Lancelet*, soone at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new Masters guest,
Giue him this Letter, do it secretly,
8 And so farwell : I would not haue my Father
See me in talke with thee.

12 *Lance.* Adew, teares exhibite my tongue, most beautifull Pa-
gan, most sweete Iew, if a Christian doe not play the knaue and
get thee, I am much deceiued ; but adew, these foolish drops do
something drowne my manly spirit : adieu. *Exit.*

16 *Iessica.* Farwell good *Lancelet*.
Alacke, what heynous sinne is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my fathers childe,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners : O *Lorenzo*,
20 If thou keepe promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy louing wife.

*Exit.*II.iiiv.*Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.*

4 *Loren.* Nay, we will flinke away in supper time,
Disguise vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Gra. We haue not made good preparation.*Salar.* We haue not spoke vs yet of Totch-bearers,

8 *Salanio.* Tis vile, vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vnderooke.

Loren. Tis now but foure a clocke. we haue two houres

To

the Merchant of Venice.

Enter Lancelot.

To furnish vs ; friend *Lancelot*, what's the newes ?

Lan. If it please you to breake vp this, it shall seeme to signifie. 9

Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on,
Is the faire hand that writ. 12

Grat. Loue newes, in faith.

Lance. By your leaue sir.

Loren. Whither goest thou ? 16

Lance. Marry sir, to bid my olde Master the Iew to sup to night
with my new Master the Christian.

Loren. Hold here take this, tell gentle *Jessica*,
I will not fayle her, speake it priuately. 20

Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare for this maske to night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. Exit Clowne. 24

Salar. I marry, ile be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Loren. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging,
Some houre hence.

Salar. Tis good we do so. Exit. 28

Grat. Was not that Letter from faire *Jessica* ?

Loren. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and jewells she is furnisht with, 32

What Pages sute she hath in readinesse,

If ere the Iew her father come to heauen,

It will be for his gentle daughters sake,

And neuer dare misfortune crosse her foote, 36

Vnlesse she do it vnder this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithlesse Iew :

Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,

Faire *Jessica* shall be my Torch-bearer. Exit. 40

Enter the Iew and Lancelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy iudge,
The diffrence of old *Shylocke* and *Bassanio*;

D

What

The Comickall History of

What *Iessica*, thou shalt not gourmandize
 As thou hast done with me : what *Iessica* ?
 And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparrell out.
 Why *Iessica* I say.

Clowne. Why *Iessica*.

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Iessica.

Ies. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper *Iessica*,

There are my keyes; but wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,

But yet ile go in hate, to feede vpon

The prodigall Christian. *Iessica* my gyrl,

Looke to my house. I am right loth to go,

There is some ill a bruing towards my rest,

For I did dreame of money bagges to night.

Clowne. I beseech you sir go,

My yong Master doth expect your reproch.

Shy. So do I his.

Clowne. And they haue conspired together, I will not say you shall see a Maske; but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on black monday last, at six a clock in the morning, falling out that yeare on Ashwensday was four yeare in th' afternoone.

Shy. What, are there maskes? Heare me *Iessica*:

Locke vp my doores, and when you heare the drumme,

And the vile squeaking of the wry-neckt Fife,

Clamber not you vp to the Casements then

Nor thrust your head into the publike streete,

To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces:

But stop my houses eares, I meane my Casements,

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter

My sober house. By *Iacobs* staffe I sweare,

I haue no minde of feasting forth to night:

But

the Merchant of Venice.

But I will go. Go you before me firra,
Say I will come.

Clowne. I will go before fir.
Mistresse looke out at a window for all this,
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewes eye.

Shy. What sayes that foole of *Hagars* off-spring? ha.

Ief. His words were, Farewell mistris, nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile-slow in profit, and he sleepe by day
More then the wilde Cat : Drones hiue not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one, that I would haue him helpe to waste
His borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately,
Do as I bid you, shut doores after you,
Fast binde, fast finde,
A Prouerbe neuer stale in thrifty minde.

Exit

Ief. Farewell, and if my torture be not croft,
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost.

Exit.

Enter the maskers, Gratiano and Salarino.

Gra. This is the pent-house vnder which
Lorenzo desir'd vs to make stand.

Sal. His houre is almost past.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwels his houre,
For louers euer run before the clocke.

Sal. O ten times faster *Venus* pigeons flye
To seale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith vnforfaietd.

Gra. That euer holds : who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?
Where is the horse that doth vntreade againe
His tedious measures, with the vnbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chafed then enioy'd.

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How like a younger or a prodigall,
 The skarfed Barke puts from her natiue bay,
 Hugd and embraced by the strumpet winde,
 How like the prodigall doth she returue
 With ouer-wetherd ribs and ragged sayles,
 Leane, rent, and beggerd by the strumpet wind?

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Lo. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode
 Not I, but my affaires haue made you waite :
 When you shal please to play the theeues for wiues
 Ile watch as long for you then : approach,
 Here dwels my father *Iew*. Ho, whose within ?

Iessica aboue.

Iess. Who are you ? tell me for more certainty,
 Albeit Ile sweare that *I* do know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo* and thy loue.

Iess. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
 For who loue I so much ? and now who knowes
 But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours ?

Lo. Heauen & thy thoughts are witnes that thou art

Iess. Here, catch this Casket, tis worth the paines,
 I am glad tis night you do not looke on me,
 For I am much asham'd of my exchange :
 But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see
 The pretty follies that themselues commit,
 For if they could, *Cupid* himselve would blush
 To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Iess. What, must I hold a Candle to my shames,
 They in themselues goodfoorth are too too light.
 Why tis an office of discouery, Loue,
 And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you sweete,

Euen in the louely garnish of a boy,
 But come at once, for the close night

Doth

the Merchant of Venice.

Doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at *Bassanio's* feast.

Iess. I will make fast the doores, and guild my selfe
With some mo ducats, and be with you straight.

Grat. Now by my hood, a Gentle and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I loue her hartily,
For she is wise, if I can iudge of her,
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proo'd herselfe,
And therefore like herselfe, wise, faire and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Iessica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for vs stay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio*.

Ant. Fie, fie *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Bassanio presently will goe aboard,
I am glad on't, I desire no more delight
Then to be vnder sayle, & gone to night.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traine:.

Por. Goe, draw aside the Curtaines, and discover
The severall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choise.

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire.
The second siluer, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

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Por. The one of them contains my picture Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my judgement, let me see,
I will suruay th'inscriptions backe againe,
What sayes this leaden Casket?

Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath,
Must giue for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This Casket threatens men that hazard all,
Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:

A golden minde stoopes not to shoues of droffe,
He then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.

What sayes the siluer with her virgine hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.

As much as he deserues, pause there *Morocho*,
And weigh thy value with an eeuē hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserue enough, and yet enough
May not extend so farre as to the Lady:

And yet to be afeard of my deseruing,
Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.

As much as I deserue, why that's the Lady,
I do in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then these in loue I do deserue.

What if I straid no farther, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying grau'd in gold:

Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world desires her.

From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kisse this shrine, this morrall breathing Saint.

The Hircanion deserts, and the vasty wildes
Of wide *Arabia*, are as through-fates now
For Princes to come view faire *Porsia*.

The watry Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To stop the forraine spirits, but they come

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Ar ore a brooke to see faire *Portia*.
 One of these three containes her heauenly picture.
 Is't like that leade containes her, t'were damnation
 To thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse
 To rib her sere-cloth in the obscure graue,
 Or shall I thinke in siluer shee's immur'd,
 Being ten times vnder-valewed to tride gold,
 O sinfull thought, neuer so rich a Iem
 Was set in worse then gold. They haue in England
 A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
 Stamp't in gold, but that's insculpt vpon :
 But heere an Angell in a golden bed
 Lies all within. Deliuer me the key :
 Heere do I choose, and thriue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lie there,
 Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell ! what haue we heere, a carrion death ?
 Within whose empty eye there is a written scroule,
 Ile reade the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,
 Often haue you heard that told,
 Many a man his life hath solde,
 But my outside to behold,
 Guilded timber do wormes insold :
 Had you bene as wise as bold,
 Young in limbes, in iudgement old,
 Your answere had not bene in scrolde,
 Fare you well, your sure is gold.*

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour lost,
 Then farwell heate, and welcome frost ;
Portia adiew, I haue too greeu'd a heart
 To take a tedious leaues thus losers part.

Por. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, goe,
 Let all of his complection choose me so.

Exit.

*Exeunt.
 Enter.*

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Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Salar. Why man, I saw *Bassanio* vnder sayle,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ship I'me sure *Lorenzo* is not.

4 *Salan.* The villaine Iew with outcries raifde the Duke,
Who went with him to search *Bassanios* ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was vnder faile,
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderstand,
8 That in a Gondylo were seene together
Lorenza and his armorous *Iessica*.

9 Besides *Antonio* certified the Duke,
They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

12 *Salan.* I neuer heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the Dog Iew did vtter in the streetes,
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
16 Fled with a Christian, O my christian ducats.
Iustice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter.
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,
20 And iewels, two stones, two rich & precious stones,
Stolne by my daughter: iustice, finde the gyrl,
She hath the stones vpon her, and the ducats.

24 *Salar.* Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good *Antonio* looke he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

28 *Salar.* Marry well remembred,
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessell of our country richly fraught:
I thought vpon *Antonio* when he told me,
32 And wisht in silence that it were not his.

Salan.

the Merchant of Venice.

Salan. You were best to tell *Antonio* what you heare,
Yet do not sodainely, for it may greue him. 33

Salar. A kinder Gentleman treades not the earth,
I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* part: 36

Bassanio told him he would make some speede
Of his returne: he answered, do not so,
Slubber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,
But stay the very riping of the time, 40
And for the Jewes bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of loue:

Be merry, and employ your cheefest thoughts
To Courtship, and such faire ostents of loue, 44
As shall conueniently become you there.
And euen there his eye being bigge with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him;
And with affection wondrous sensible, 48
He wrung *Bassanios* hand, and so they parted.

Salan. I thinke he onely loues the world for him:
I prethee let vs goe and finde him out,
And quicken his embraced heauinesse,
With some delight or other. 52

Salar. Do we so.

Exeunt

Enter Nerrissa and a Seruitor.

Ner. Quicke, quicke, I pray thee, draw the Curtaine strait,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently. 54

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.

Por. Behold, there stand the Caskets Noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
But if you faile, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately. 4

Arro. I am enioyn'd by oath to obserue three things.
First, neuer to vnfold to any one 5

E

Which

The Comical History of

Which Casket twas I chose. Next, if I faile
 Of the right Casket, neuer in my life
 To woe a maide in way of marriage :
 Lastly, if I do faile in fortune of my choise,
 Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare,
 That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Arr. And so haue I adrest me, fortune now
 To my hearts hope : Gold, Siluer, and base Lead.
 Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
 You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard,
 VVhat sayes the golden Chest? ha, let me see,
 VVho chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire.
 VVhat many men desire, that many may be meant
 By the foole-multitude, that chuse by show :
 Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
 VVhich pries not to th'interiour; but like the Martlet,
 Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
 Euen in the force and rode of casualty.
 I will not chuse what many men desire,
 Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
 And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
 VVhy then to thee thou Siluer treasure house,
 Tell me once more what title thou dost beare :
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
 And well said too, for who shall go about
 To cosen Fortune, and be honourable
 VVithout the stampe of merit, let none presume
 To weare an vnderferued dignity :
 O that estates, degrees, and offices,
 VVere not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honor
 VVere purchac'd by the merit of the wearer,
 How many then should couer, that stand bare?
 How many be commanded, that command?
 How much low pezantry would then be gleaned
 From the true seede of honor? And how much honor,

the Merchant of Venice.

Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times
To be new vernish'd? well, but to my choise,
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues.
I will assume desert. Giue me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes heere.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Arrag. VVhat's heere, the portrait of a blinking Ideot,
Presenting me a sedula? I will reade it.

How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?

How much vnlike my hopes, and my deseruings,

Who chooseth me shall haue as much as he deserues.

Did I deserue no more then a fooles head?

Is that my prize? Are my deserts no berter?

Por. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of opposed Natures.

Arrag. VVhat heere?

Hee reads.

*The fire seuen times tried this :
Seuen times tried that iudgement is,
That did neuer choose amies.
Some there be that shadowes kis,
Such haue but a shadowes blis :
There be fooles aliue I wis,
Silver'd o're, and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head :
So be gone, you are sped.*

Still more foole I shall appeere,
By the time I linger heere,
VVith one fooles head I came to woe,
But I go away vvith two.
Sweet adieu, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my vvroath.

Portia. Thus hath the candle findg'd the Moth.
O these deliberate fooles, vvhen they do choofe,

II. ix.*The Comicall History of*

87 They haue their wisdome, by their wit to loofe.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destiny.

84 *Por.* Come draw the Curtaine *Nerrissa*.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady?

Por. Heere, what would my Lord?

Mess. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate

A yong Venetian, one that comes before
88 To signifie th'approching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit (besides commends and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich vauw; yet I haue not seene
92 So likely an Embassador of loue.

A day in Aprill neuer came so sweet,
To shew how costly Summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

96 *Por.* No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-fear'd
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spendst such high day wit in praising him:
Come, come *Nerrissa*, for I long to see
100 Quicke Cupids post that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exit.*

III. i.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

4 *Salar.* Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a
ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrowe seas; the Goodwins
I thinke they call the place a very dangerous flat, & fatal, wher
8 the carcasses of many a tall shippe lie buried, as they say, if my
gossips report be an honest woman of her word.

12 *Salan.* I would shee were as a lying gossippe in that, as euer
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbors beleue she wept for the
death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slippes of
proximity, or crossing the plaine highway of talk, that the good

Antho-

the Merchant of Venice.

Antonio, the honest *Antonio*, O that I had a title good enough to keepe his name company.

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Sal. Ha, what saist thou? why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might proue the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say Amen betimes, leaft the deuill crosse my prayer, for heere he comes in the likeneffe of a Jew.

Enter Shylocke.

How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Marchants?

Shy. You know, none so well, none so well as you, Of my daughters flight.

Salar. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Taylor That made the wings she flew withall.

Salan. And *Shylocke* for his owne part knew the Birde was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leaue the Dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certaine, if the diuell may be her iudge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Salan. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeares.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hirs, then betweene Iet and Iuory: more between your bloods, then there is between red wine & tennish: hut tell vs, do you heare, whether *Antonio* haue had at losse a sea or no?

Shy. There I haue another bad match a bankrout, a prodigal, who dare scarfe shew his head on the Ryalto. a begger that was vsd to come so smug vpon the Mart: let him looke to his bond: he was wont to call me vsurer, let him looke to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtsie, let him looke to his bond.

Salar. Why I am sure if he forfet, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shyl. To baite fish withall; if it will feede nothing els it will feed my reuenge: he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my na-

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tion, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friendes, heated mine enemies, and what's his reason, I am a Iewe. Hath nos a Iewe eyes? hath not a Iew hands? organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food? hurt with the same weapons? subiect to the same diseases? healed by the same meanes? warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you pricke vs, do we not bleede? If you tickle vs, do we not laugh? If you poyson vs, do wee not dye? And if you wrong vs, shall we not reuenge? If wee are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Iew wrong a Christian, what is his humility, Reuenge? If a Christian wrong a Iewe, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why Reuenge? The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my master *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Saler. We haue bene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

80
Saler. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot bee matcht, vnlesse the diuell himselfe turne Iew.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

84
Sby. How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genowa*? hast thou found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

88
92
96

Sby. Why there, there, there, there, a Diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in *Frankford*. The curse neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now: two thousande ducats in that, and other precious precious iewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foote, and the iewels in her eare: O would shee were hearst at my foote, and the ducats in her coffin. No newes of them, why so: and I know not whats spent in the search: why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone vvith so much,

the Merchant of Venice.

much, and so much to finde the Theefe, and no satisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill lucke stirring but what lights on my shoulders, no sighes but of my breathing, no teares but of my shedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men haue ill luck too, *Anthony* as I heard in Genoway.

Shy. What, what, what ill lucke, ill lucke?

Tuball. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, ist true? ist true?

Tuball. I spoke with some of the Saylorers that escaped the wracke.

Shy. I thanke the good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha ha, heere in Genoway.

Tuball. Your daughter spent in Genoway, as I heard, in one night, fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my golde againe; fourescore ducats at a sitting! Fourescore ducats!

Tuball. There came diuers of *Anthony's* Creditours in my company vnto Venice, that sweare that hee cannot choose but breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad on't.

Tuball. One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monkey.

Shy. Out vpon her: thou tortur'st me *Tuball*, it was my Turkie, I had it of *Leab*. when I was a Batchellor. I would not haue giuen it for a wilderneffe of Monkies.

Tuball. But *Anthony* is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: go *Tuball*, see mee an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the heart of him if he forfeit. For were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will go: go *Tuball*, and meete me at our Synagogue, go good *Tuball*, at our Synagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt*

*Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all
their Traines.*

Portia.

97

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112

116-17

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Per. I pray you tarry, pause a day or two
 Before you hazard : for in choosing wrong
 I loose your company, therefore forbear a while,
 4 There's something tels me (but it is not loue)
 I would not lose you, and you know your selfe,
 Hate counsels not in such a quality.
 But least you should not vnderstand me well,
 8 And yer a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
 I would detaine you heere some moneth or two
 Before you venture for me. I could teach you
 How to choose right, but I am then forsworne,
 12 So will I neuer be, so may you misse me,
 But if you do, you'l make me wish a sinne,
 That I had bene forsworne. Beshrew your eyes,
 They haue ore lookt me, and diuided me,
 16 One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
 Mine owne I would say ; but if mine then yours,
 And so all yours. O these naughty times
 Puts barres betweene the owners and their rights,
 20 And so though yours, not yours (proue it so)
 Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
 I speake too long, but tis to peize the time,
 To eck it, and to dravv out in length,
 To stay you from election.

24 *Bass.* Let me choose,
 For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.

Per. Vpon the racke *Bassanio*, then confesse
 What treason there is mingled vvith your loue.

28 *Bass.* None but that vgly treason of mistrust,
 Which makes me feare th' inioying of my loue,
 There may as well be amity and life
 Twene snow and fire, as treason and my loue.

32 Per. I but I feare you speake vpon the racke,
 Where men enforced do speake any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth,
 Per. Well then, confesse and liue.

Bass.

the Merchant of Venice.

Bass. Confesse and loue,
Had bene the very sum of my confession :
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answeres for deliuerance :
But let me to my fortune and the Caskets,

36

Portia. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you do loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerrissa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musicke sound while he doth make his choise,
Then if he lose, he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musicke. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
And watry death-bed for him : he may win,
And what is musicke then? Then musicke is
Euen as the flourish, when true subiects bow
To a new crownd Monarch : Such it is,
As are those duleet sounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming Bridegroomes eare,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no lesse presence, but with much more loue
Then young *Alcides*, when he did redeeme
The virgin tribute, payd by howling *Troy*,
To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the *Dardanian* wiues,
With bleared visages come soorth to view
The issue of th'exploit : Goe *Hercules*,
Liue thou, I liue with much more dismay
To view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

40

44

48

52

56

60

*A song, she whilst Bassanio comments on the
Caskets to himselfe.*

*Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
It is engendered in the eye,*

63

Replie, reply.

66

F

With

The Comickall History of

68 *With gazing fed, and Fancie dies :*
In the cradle where it lyes,
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.

He begin it.

Ding, dong, bell.

72 *All. Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. So may the outward shewes be least theselues
 The world is still deceiu'd with ornament,
 In Law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 76 But being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of euill. In religion
 What damned error but some sober brow
 Will blesse it, and approue it with a text,
 80 Hiding the grossenes with faire ornament :
 There is no voice so simple, but assumes
 * Some of vertue on his outward parts ;
 How many cowards whose hearts are all as false
 84 As staires of sand, weare yet vpon their chins
 The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*,
 Who inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
 And these assume but valours excrement,
 88 To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
 And you shall see tis purchast by the weight,
 Which therein works a miracle iu nature,
 Making them lightest that weare most of it :
 92 So are those crisped snaky golden locks
 * Which maketh such wanton gambals with the wind,
 Vpon supposed fairenesse, often knowne
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 96 The skull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea : the beautiful scarfe
 Vailing an Indian beauty ; In a word,
 100 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To intrap the wisest. Therefore thou gaudy gold,

the Merchant of Venice.

Hard foole for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 Twene man and man : but thou, thou meager lead,
 Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,
 Thy paleness moues me more then eloquence,
 And heere choose I, ioy be the consequence.

102

104

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
 As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire:
 And shyddring feare, and greene-eyed ieaousie:
 O loue be moderate, allay thy extasie,
 In measure range thy ioy, scant this excessse,
 I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse,
 For feare I surfet.

108

7

111-112

Bass. What finde I heere ?

Faire *Portias* counterfeit, What demy God
 Hath come so neere creation ? moue these eyes ?
 Or whither riding on the ball's of mine
 Seeme they in motion ? Heere are seuerd lips
 Parted with suger breath, so sweet a barre
 Should sunder such sweet friends : heere in her haire
 The painter playes the Spider, and hath wouen
 A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men
 Faster then gnats in cobwebs, but her eyes,
 How could he see to do them ? hauing made one,
 Me-thinks it should haue power to steale both his,
 And leaue it selfe vn furnisht : yet looke how farre
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
 In vnderprizing it, so farre this shadow
 Doth limpe behind the substance. Heer's the scroule,
 The continent and summary of my fortune.

116

120

124

128

*You that choose not by the view,
 Chance as faire, and choose as true :
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content, and seeke no new.
 If you be well pleas'd with this,*

132

135

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137 *And hold your fortune for your blisse,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a lousing kisse.*

140 A gentle scroule : Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue ;
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes ;
144 Hearing applause and vniuersall shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt,
Whether those pearles of praise be his or no.
So thrice faire Lady, stand I euen so,
148 As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me Lord *Bassanio* where I stand,
Such as I am ; though for my selfe alone
152 I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
156-7 More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,
Exceed account : but the full summe of me
160 Is summe of something ; which to terme in grosse,
Is an vnlesson'd gyrl, vn-school'd, vnpractised,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learne : happier then this,
164 She is not bred so dull, but she can learne ;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits it selfe to yours, to be directed
As from her Lord, her Gouvernor, her King.
168 My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire mansion, master of my seruants,
Queene ore my selfe ; and euen now, but now,
172 This house, these seruants, and this same my selfe

the Merchant of Venice.

Are yours, my Lord, I giue them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or giue away,
Let it presage the ruine of your loue,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.

173

Bass. Madame, you haue bereft me of all words,
Onely my blood speakes to you in my veines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some Oration fairely spoke
By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleased multitude.
Where euery something being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of norhing, saue of ioy
Exprest, and not exprest: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to say *Bassanio* is dead.

176

180

184

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haue stood by and seene our wishes prosper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.

188

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the ioy that you can wish:
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours meane to solemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I do beseech you
Euen at that time I may be married to.

192

196

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you haue got me one,
My eies my Lord can looke as swift as yours;
You saw the Mistresse, I beheld the Maid;
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermission,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you,
Your fortune stood vpon the Casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter fals:
For wooing heere vntill I swet againe,
And swearing till my very roose was dry,
With oathes of loue, at last, if promise last
I got a promise of this faire one here.

200

204

208

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To haue her loue : provided that your fortune
Atchieu'd her Mistris.

210

Por. Is this true, *Nerrissa*?

Ner. Maddam it is, so you stand pleas'd withall.

Bass. And do you *Gratsano* meane good faith?

214

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

215

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. Wee'l play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats

Ner. What, and stake downe?

220

Gra. No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.

But who comes heere, *Lorenzo* and his infidell?

What, and my olde venetian friend, *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Iessica, and Salerio a messenger from Venice.

Bass. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hither,

224

If that the youth of my new intrest heere

Haue power to bid you welcome : by your leau

I bid my very friends and countrymen

Sweete *Portia* welcome.

228

Por. So do I my Lord, they are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thanke your Honour, for my part my Lord,

My purpose was not to haue seene you heere,

But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,

232

He did entreate me past all saying nay,

To come with him along.

Sal. I did my Lord,

And I haue reason for it. Signior *Antonio*

Commends him to you.

Bass. Ere I ope his Letter,

236

I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,

Nor well, vnlesse in minde : his Letter there

Will shew you his estate.

He opens the Letter.

240

Gra. *Nerrissa*, cheere yon stranger, bid her welcome.

Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?

How

the Merchant of Venice.

How doth that royall Merchant, good *Antonio* ?
I know he will be glad of our successe,
We are the *Iasons*, we haue won the fleece.

244

Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steales the colour from *Bassanios* cheeke,
Some deare friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man : what worse and worse ?
With leaue *Bassanio*, I am halfe your selfe,
And I must freely haue the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you,

248

252

Bass. O sweete *Portia*,

Heere are a few of the vnpleasantst words
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Lady,
When I did first impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veines, I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true : and yet deere Lady,
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then haue told you
That I was worse then nothing ; for indeed
I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy
To feed my meanes. Heer's a Letter Lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And euery word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio* ?
Hath all his ventures faild ? what, not one hit,
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, and *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks ?

256

260

264

268

†

272

Sal. Not one my Lord.

Besides, it should appeare, that if he had

275

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276 The present money to discharge the Iew,
 He would not take it : neuer did I know
 A creature that did beare the shape of man,
 So keene and greedy to confound a man,
 280 He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
 And doth impeach the freedome of the state
 If they deny him iustice. Twenty Merchants,
 The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
 Of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,
 284 But none can driue him from the enuious plea
 Of forfeiture, of iustice, and his bond.

Jessica. When I was with him, I haue heard him sweare
 To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his Country-men,
 288 That he would rather haue *Anthonios* flesh,
 Then twenty times the value of the summe
 That he did owe him : and I know my Lord,
 If law, authority, and power deny nor,
 292 It will go hard with poore *Anthonio*.

Por. Is it your deare friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The deereft friend to me, the kindest man,
 The best condition'd and vnwearer'd spirit
 296 In doing courtesies : and one in whom
 The ancient Romane honour more appears,
 Then any that drawes breath in *Italy*.

Por. What summe owes he the Iew?

Bass. For me three thousand Ducats.

300-1 *Por.* What no more, pay him six thousand & deface the bond,
 Double sixe thousand, and then treble that,
 Before a friend of this description

304 Shall lose a haire through *Bassanios* fault.
 First go with me to Church, and call me wife,
 And then away to *Venice* to your friend ;

308 For neuer shall you lye by *Portias* side
 With an vnquiet soule. You shall haue gold
 To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
 When it is paid, bring your true friend along ;

the Merchant of Venice.

My maide *Nerrissa*, and my selfe meane time
 Will liue as maides and widdowes ; come away,
 For you shall hence vpon your wedding day.
 Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheere,
 Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
 But let me heare the letter of your friend.

311

314

*Sweet Bassanio, My ships haue all miscarried, my Creditors grow
 cruell, my estate is very low : my bond to the Jew is forget, and since in
 paying it, it is impossible I should liue, all debts are cleared betweene
 you and I if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, vse
 your pleasure ; if your loue doe not perswade you to come, let not my
 Letter.*

318

322

O Loue ! dispatch all businesse, and be gone.

325

Bass. Since I haue your good leaue to go away,
 I will make haft. But till I come againe,
 No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
 No rest be interposer twixt vs twaine.

329

Exeunt.

*Enter the Jew, and Salarino, and Anthonio,
 and the Iaylor.*

Jew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
 This is the foole that lent out money gratis.
 Iaylor looke to him.

An. Heare me yet good *Shylocke*.

Jew. Ile haue my bond, speake not against my bond :
 I haue sworne an oath, that I will haue my bond.
 Thou cald'st me dogge before thou hadst a cause,
 But since I am a dogge, beware my fangs,
 The Duke shall grant me iustice : I do wonder
 Thou naughty Iaylor that thou art so fond
 To come abroad with him at his request.

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An. I prethee heare me speake

Jew. Ile haue my bond : I will not heare thee speake ;
 Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more.

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III.iii.*The Comickall History of*

14 He not be made a soft and dull ey'd foole,
 To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
 To Christian intercessors : follow not,
 17 He haue no speaking, I will haue my bond.

Exit Iew.

Sol. It is the most impenetrable curre
 That euer kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
 20 He follow him no more with bootlesse prayers.
 He seekes my life, his reason well I know :
 I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures
 23 Many that haue at times made mone to mee,
 Therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant
 This forfeiture to hold.

An. The Duke cannot deny the course of Law :
 For the commodity that strangers haue
 28 With vs in Venice, if it be denied,
 Will much impeach the iustice of his state,
 Since that the trade and profit of the City
 Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
 32 These greefes and losses haue so bated me,
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
 To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.
 VVell Iaylor on, pray God *Bassanio* come
 36 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

III.iiiv.

*Enter Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Iessica, and a
 man of Portias.*

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,
 You haue a noble and a true conceite
 Of God-like amity, which appears most strongly,
 4 In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
 But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
 How true a Gentleman you send releefe,

How

the Merchant of Venice.

How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke,
Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I neuer did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do conuerse and waste the time together,
Whose soules do beare an equall yoke of loue,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit:
Which makes me thinke, that this *Antonio*
(Being the bosome-louer of my Lord)
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I haue bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soule,
From out the state of hellish misery.

This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenzo I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne. For mine owne part,
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secreet vow,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* heere,
Vntill her husband, and my Lords returne.
There is a Monastery two miles off,
And there will we abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my loue, and some necessity
Now layes vpon you,

Lor. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Iessica*,
In place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.
And so farewell till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy hours attend on you.

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42 *Ief.* I wish your Lady-ship all hearts content.

Por. I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it backe on you : farewell *Iessica*.

Exeunt.

45-6 Now *Baltbaser*, as I haue euer found thee honest true,

So let me finde thee still : Take this same Letter,

48 And vsf thou all th'indeuour of a man

In speede to *Mantua* ; see thou render this

Into my Cousins hands, *Doctor Belario*,

And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,

52 Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speede

Vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferry

Which trades to Venice : waste no time in words,

But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

56 *Bai.* Madam, I go with all conuenient speede.

Exit.

Por. Come on *Nerrissa*, I haue worke in hand

Thar you yet know not of. Wee'l see our husbands
Before they thinke of vs.

Ner. Shall they see vs?

50 *Por.* They shall *Nerrissa* : but in such a habite,

That they shall thinke we are accomplished

With that we lacke. Ile hold thee any wager,

When we are both apparreld like yong men,

64 Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,

And weare my dagger with the brauer grace.

And speake betweene the change of man and boy,

With a reede voice, and turne two mincing steps

68 Into a manly stride ; and speake of frays

Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lyes,

How honourable Ladies sought my loue,

Which I denying, they fell sicke and dyed :

72 I could not doe withall. Then ile repent,

And wish for all that, that I had not kill'd them ;

And twenty of these punie lies ile tell,

That men shall swear I haue discontinued schoole

76 Aboue a twelue-month. I haue within my minde

A thousand raw trickes of these bragging iackes,

VVhich

the Merchant of Venice.

Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turne to men?

Por. Eie, what a question's that,

If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter :

But come, ile tell thee all my whole deuice

When I am in my Coach, which stayes for vs

At the Parke gate ; and therefore hast away,

For we must measure twenty miles to day.

Exeunt

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clo. Yes truly, for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise ye I feare you, I was alwayes plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matrer : therefore be a good cheere, for truly I think you are damn'd, ther is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Ies. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clo. Marry you may partly hope that your Father got you not, that you are not the Jewes daughter.

Iessi. That were a kind of bastard hope indeede, so the sins of my mother should be visired vpon me.

Clo. Truly then I feare you are damn'd both by Father and Mother : thus when I shun *Scilla* your father, I fal into *Charibdis* your mother ; well, you are gone both wayes.

Ies. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me a christian.

Clo. Truly the more to blame he ; we were Christians enow before, e'ne as many as could well liue one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of hogs, if we grow all to be Porke-eaters, we shall not shortly haue a rasher on the coles for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ies. Ile tel my husband *Lancelet* what you say, here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow iealous of you shortly *Lancelet*, if you thus

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get my wife into comers,

Ief. Nay, you neede not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out; he tels me flatly, there's no mercy for me in heauen, because I am a Iewes daughter: and he sayes you are no good member of the Common-wealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Christians, you raise the price of Porke.

Lor. I shall answere that better to the Common-wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negroes belly; the Moore's with childe by you *Launcelet*?

Clowne. It is much that the Moore should be more then reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, shee is indeede more then I tooke her for.

Lor. How euery foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the best grace of wit will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats. Go in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done sir, they haue all stomackes.

Lor. Goodly Lord what a wit-snapper are you: then bid the prepare dinner.

Clow. That's done to sir, onely couer is the word.

Lor. Will you couer than sir?

Clow. Not so sir neither, I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shewe the whole wealth of thy witte in an instant? I pray thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: Goe to thy Fellowes, bid them couer the table, serue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the meate sir it shall be couered, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall gouerne. *Exit Clowne.*

Lor. O deere discretion, how his words are suted,

The foole hath planted in his memory
An army of good words, and I do know
A many fooles that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a trickie word
Defie the matter: how far'ft thou *Iessica*?

And

the Merchant of Venice.

And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord *Bassanio's* wife ?

Ief. Past all expressing, it is very meete
The Lord *Bassanio* liue an vpright life,
For hauing such a blessing in his Lady,
He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, then
In reason he should neuer come to heauen.
Why, if two Gods should play some heauenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one : there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Euen such a husband hast thou of me,
As she is for wife.

Ief. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that.

Lor. I will anon, first let vs go to dinner.

Ief. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomacke.

Lor. No prethee, let it serue for table talke,
Then howsoere thou speakst mong other things,
I shall disgest it.

Ief. Well, ile set you forth.

Exit.

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificos, Anthonio, Bassanio,
and Gratiano.*

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere ?

An. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
A stony aduersary, an inhumane wretch,
Vncapable of pittie, voide and empty
From any dram of mercy.

An. I haue heard,
Your Grace hath tane great paines
To qualifie his rigorous course :
But since he stands obdurate,

And

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9 And that no lawfull meanes can carrie mee
 Out of his enuies reach, I do oppose
 My patience to his furie, and am arm'd
 12 To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
 The verie tiranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one and call the Iew into the Court.

Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

16 *Du.* Make roome, and let him stand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinkes and I thinke so to,
 That thou but leadeft this fashion of thy malice
 To the last houre of act, and then tis thought
 20 Thou'lt shew thy mercie and remorse more strange,
 Then is thy strange apparant cruelty :
 And where thou now exacts the penalty,
 (VVhich is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh)
 24 Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,
 But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and loue,
 Forgiue a moiety of the principall ;
 Glancing an eie of pittie on his losses,
 28 That haue of late so huddled on his backe,
 Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe,
 And plucke commiseration of his state
 From brassie bosomes, and rough hearts of flint,
 32 From stubborne Turkes, and Tartars neuer train'd
 To offices of tender curtesie ;
 VVe all expect a gentle answer Iew.

Iew. I haue posselt your Grace of what I purpose,
 36 And by our holy Sabbath haue I sworne
 To haue the due and forget of my bond.
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Vpon your Charter, and your Citties freedome.
 40 You'l aske me why I rather choose to haue
 A weight of carrion flesh, then to receiue

the Merchant of Venice.

Three thousand Ducats ? Ile not answer that, 42
 But say it is my humor, is it answered ?
 What if my house be troubled with a Rat, 44
 And I be pleas'd to giue ten thousand ducats
 To haue it baird ? what, are you answered yet ?
 Some men there are loue not a gaping pig :
 Some that are mad if they behold a Cat : 48
 And others when the Bagpipe sings i'th nose,
 Cannot containe their vrine for affection.
 Masters of passion swayes it to the mood †
 Of what it likes or loathes : now for your answer, 52
 As there is no firme reason to be rendred,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ?
 Why he a harmlesse necessary Cat ?
 Why he a woollen Bagpipe ; but of force 56
 Must yeeld to such ineuitable shame,
 As to offend, himselfe being offended :
 So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,
 More then a lodged hate, and a certaine loathing 60
 I beare *Antonio*, that I follow thus
 A losing sute against him ; are you answered ?
Bass. This is no answer, thou vnfeeling man,
 To excuse the currant of thy cruelty. 64
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not loue ?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?
Bass. Euery offence is not a hate at first. 68
Shy. What wouldst thou haue a serpent sting thee twice ?
Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Iew,
 You may as well go stand vpon the Beach,
 And bid the maine flood bate his vsuall height, 72
 You may as well vse question with the Wolfe,
 Why he hath made the Ewe bleake for the Lambe :
 You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise 76
 When they are fretten with the gusts of heauen :

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You

The Comickall History of

78 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seeke to soften that, then which what's harder :
 80 His Iewish heart ? therefore I do beseech you
 Make no moe offers, vse no farther meanes,
 But with all briefe and plaine conueniency
 Let me haue iudgement, and the *Jew* his will,

84 *Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is sixe.

Jew. If euery ducat in six thousand ducats
 Were in sixe parts, and euery part a ducat,
 I would not draw them, I would haue my bond.

88 *Du.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendring none ?

Jew. What iudgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?

You haue among you many a purchast slaue,
 Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
 92 You vse in abiect and in slauish parts,

Because you bought them, shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marry them to your heires ?
 Why sweat they vnder burchens, let their beds

96 Be made as soft as yours, and let their pallats
 Be season'd with such viands ; you will answer,
 The slaues are ours, so do I answer you ;

The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
 100 Is deerey bought, tis mine and I will haue it :

If you deny me, fie vpon your Law,
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice ;
 I stand for iudgement, answer, shall I haue it ?

104 *Duke.* Vpon my power I may dismisse this Court.
 Vnlesse *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
 Whom I haue sent for to determine this,
 Come heere to day.

108 *Saler.* My Lord, heere staves without,
 A messenger with letters from the Doctor,
 New come from *Padua*.

Duke. Bring vs the Letters, call the Messenger.

112 *Bass.* Good cheere *Anthonio*, what man, courage yet :
 The *Jew* shall haue my flesh, blood, bones and all,

Ere

the Merchant of Venice.

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Antho. I am a tainted weather of the flocke,
Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruite
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me ;
You cannot better be employd *Bassanio*,
Then to liue still and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerrissa.

Duke. Came you from *Padua* from *Bellario* ?

Ner. From both, my L. *Bellario* greetes your grace.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

Jew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there

Gra. Not on thy soule : but on thy soule harsh *Jew*
Thou mak'st thy knife keene : but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keenenesse
Of thy sharpe enuy : can no prayers pierce thee ?

Jew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog,
And for thy life let iustice be accusde ;
Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That soules of Animals infuse themselues
Into the trunks of men : Thy currish spirit
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Euen from the gallowes did his fell soule fleete,
And whilst thou layest in thy vnhalloved dam,
Infusde it selfe in thee : for thy desires

Are woluish, bloody, staru'd and rauenus,

Jew. Till thou canst raile the seale from off my bond,

Thou but offendst thy lungs to speake so loud :

Repaire thy wit, good youth, or it will fall

To curelesse ruine. I stand heere for law.

Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend

A young and learned Doctor to our Court :

Where is he ?

Ner. He attendeth heere hard by,

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To know your answer, whether you'l admit him.

Duke. With all my heart; some three or foure of you
 148 *Goe* giue him courteous conduct to this place,
 Meane time the Court shall heare *Bellaris* Letter.

150 *Your Grace shall vnderstand, that at the receite of your Letter I am*
 152 *very sicke; but in the instant that your Messenger came, in louing vi-*
sitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balhazer:
 156 *I acquainted him with the cause in controuersie betweene the Iew and*
Anthonio the Merchant; we turned ore many Bookes together, hee is
 160 *furnilhed with my opinion, which bettred with his owne learning, the*
 164 *greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my*
 166 *importunity, to fill vp your Graces request in my stead. I beseech you,*
let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend esti-
mation, for I neuer knew so young a body with so olde a head: I leaue
him to your gracious acceptance, whose triall shall better publish his
commendation.

Enter Portia for Balshazer.

Duke. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
 168 And heere I take it is the Doctor come.

Giue me your hand, come you from old *Bellario*?

Por. I did my Lord.

Duke. You are welcome, take your place:

172 Are you acquainted with the difference
 That holds this present question in the Court.

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cause:
 Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Iew?

Duke. *Anthonio* and olde *Shylocke*, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?

176 *Jew.* *Shylocke* is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the sute you follow,

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impunge you as you do proceed.

180 You stand within his danger, doe ye not?

Ans. I, so he sayes.

Por.

the Merchant of Venice.

Por. Do you confesse the bond ?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the *Jew* be mercifull.

Shy. On what compulsion must I, tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
Vpon the place beneath : it is twice blest,
It blesseth him that giues, and him that takes,
Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his crowne,
His scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and maiesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings :
But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe ;
And earthly power doth then shew lik'ft Gods,
When mercy seasons iustice : therefore *Jew*,
Though iustice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of iustice, none of vs
Should see saluation : we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercy. I haue spoke thus much
To mitigate the iustice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice
Must needs giue sentence gainst the Merchant there,

Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bass. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea twice the summe, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :
If this will not suffice, it must appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
Wrest once the Law to your authority,

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216 To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell diuell of his will,

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a Decree established :

220 T will be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example,
Will rush into the state; it cannot be.

Shy. A *Daniel* come to iudgement : yea a *Daniel*.
224 O wise young Iudge, how I do honour thee.

Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.

Shy. Heere tis most reuerend Doctor, here it is.

Por. *Shylocke*, ther's thrice thy money offred thee.

228 *Shy.* An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen.
Shall I lay periury vpon my soule ?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claime
232 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Neerest the Merchants heart ; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.

Shy. When it is paid, according to the tenour,

236 It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge,
You know the Law, your exposition
Hath bene most sound : I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well deseruing Pillar,
240 Proceed to iudgement : by my soule I sweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me, I stay heere on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To giue the iudgement.

244 *Por.* Why then thus it is,
You must prepare your bosome for his knife.

Shy. O noble iudge, O excellent young man.

248 *Por.* For the intent and purpose of the Law,
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.

Shy.

the Merchant of Venice.

Shy. Tis very true : O wife and vpright iudge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes.

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

Shy. I, his breast,

So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Neereft his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so, are there ballance here to weigh the flesh?

Shy. I haue them ready.

Por. Haue by some Surgeon *Shyllocke* on your charge,
To stop his wounds, least he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so exprest, but what of that?

Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot finde it, tis not in the bond.

Por. You Merchant, haue you any thing to say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd,

Giue me your hand *Bassanio*, far you well,

Greue not that I am false to this for you:

For heerein Fortune shewes her selfe more kinde

Then is her custome: it is still her vse

To let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,

An age of pouerty: from which lingring pennance

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife,

Tell her the proesse of *Antonios* ende,

Say how I lou'd you, speake me faire in death:

And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,

Whether *Bassanio* had not once a loue:

Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he payes your debt,

For if the *Jew* do cut but deepe enough,

Ile pay it presently with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,

Which is as deare to me as life it selfe,

But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,

Are .

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- 285 Are not with me esteem'd about thy life.
I would lose all, I sacrifice them all
Heere to this diuell, to deliuer you.
- 288 *Por.* Your wife would giue you little thanks for that
If she were by to heare you make the offer.
- Gra.* I haue a wife, who I protest I loue,
I would she were in heauen, so she could
- 292 Entreate some power to change this currish *Jew*,
Ner. Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,
The wish would make else an vnquiet house.
- Jew.* These be the christian husbands, I haue a daughter,
296 Would any of the stocke of *Barrabas*
Had bene her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.
- Por.* A pound of that same Merchants flesh is thine,
300 The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.
- Jew.* Most rightfull Iudge.
- Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.
- 304 *Jew.* Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare.
- Por.* Tarry a little, there is something else,
This bond doth giue thee here no iote of blood,
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:
- 308 Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the lawes of Venice, confiscate
- 312 Vnto the State of Venice.
- Gra.* O vpright Iudge,
Marke *Jew.* O learned Iudge.
- Shy.* Is that the Law?
- 314 *Por.* Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
For as thou vrgest iustice, be assur'd
Thou shalt haue iustice, more then thou desirest.
- 316 *Gra.* O learned Iudge, marke *Jew.* a learned Iudge.
Jew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,

And

the Merchant of Venice.

And let the Christian go.

Bass. Heere is the money.

Por. Soft, the Iew shall haue all iustice, soft no hast
He shall haue nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Iew, an vpright iudge, a learned iudge.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more,
But iust a pound of flesh : if thou cutst more
Or lesse then a iust pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heauy in the substance,

Or the diuision of the twentieth part
Of one poore scruple ; nay, if the scale do turne
But in the estimation of a haire,

Thou dyest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel Iew,
Now infidell I haue you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Iew pause, take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me go.

Bass. I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.

Por. He hath refusd it in the open Court,
And shall haue meerey iustice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel still say I, a second Daniel,
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not haue barely my principall ?

Por. Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy perill Iew.

Shy. Why then the deuill giue him good of it :
He stay no longer heere in question.

Por. Tarry Iew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the lawes of Venice,
If it be proued against any alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seeke the life of any Citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth contriue,
Shall seize on halfe his goods ; the other halfe

IV. i.

The Comicall History of

Comes to the priuy coffer of the State,
 And the offenders life lies in the mercy
 Of the Duke onely gainst all other voyce.

356

In which predicament I say, thou standst :
 For it appeares by manifest proceeding,
 That indirectly, and directly to

360

Thou hast contriued gainst the very life
 Of the defendant : and thou hast incurd
 The danger formerly by me rehearst.

Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

364

Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy self,
 And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
 Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
 Therefore thou must be hangd at the States charge.

368

Duke. That thou shalt see the diffrence of our spirits,
 I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it :
 For halfe thy wealth, it is *Antonios*,
 The other halfe comes to the generall State,
 Which humbleness may driue vnto a fine.

372

Por. I for the state, not for *Antonios*.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
 You take my house, when you do take the prop
 That doth sustaine my house : you take my life
 When you do take the meanes wherby I liue.

376

Por. What mercy can you render him, *Antonios*?

Gra. A halter gratis, nothing else for Gods sake.

380

An. So please my Lord the Duke, & all the Court,

To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,

I am content ; so he will let me haue

The other halfe in vse, to render it

384

Vpon his death vnto the Gentleman

That lately stole his daughter.

Two things prouided more, that for this fauour

He presently become a Christian :

388

The other, that he do record a gift
 Heere in the Court, of all he dies posselt

Vnto

the Merchant of Venice.

Vnto his sonne *Lorenzo* and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced heere.

Por. Art thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you giue me leau to go from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will signe it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christning shalt thou haue two Godfathers,
Had I bene iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not the Font.

Exit.

Duke. Sir, I intreate you home with me dinner.

Por. I humbly desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward *Padua*,
And it is meete I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leysure serues you not.

Antonio, gratifie this gentleman,
For in my minde you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Haue by your wisdome bene this day acquitted
Of greuous penalties, in lew whereof,
Three thousand ducats due vnto the Iew,
We freely cope your courteous paines withall.

Ant. And stand indebted ouer and about
In loue and seruice to you euermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfied,
And I deliuering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account my selfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercinary.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leau.

IV.i

The Comical History of

421 *Bass.* Deere sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things I pray you,
424 Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You presse me farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Giue me your gloues, ile wear them for your sake,
And for your loue, ile take this ring from you.
428 Do not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And you in loue shall not deny me this.

Bass. This Ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to giue you this.

432 *Por.* I will haue nothing else bur onely this,
And now methinkes I haue a minde to it.

Bass. There's more then this depends vpon the vaw :
The dearest Ring in Venice I will giue you,
436 And finde it out by Proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon mee ?

Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me first to begge, and now me thinkes
440 You teach me how a begger should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this Ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor loofe it.

444 *Por.* That scuse serues many men to saue their giftes,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deseru'd the Ring,
She would nor hold out enemy for euer,
448 For giuing it to me : well, peace bee with you. *Exeunt*

An. My Lord *Bassanio*, let him haue the Ring,
Let his deseruings and my loue withall,
Be vaw'd gainst your wiues commandement.

452 *Bass.* Go *Gratiano*, runne and ouertake him,
Giue him the Ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto *Anthouios* house, away, make hast.

Exeunt Gratiano.
Come

the Merchant of Venice.

Come you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*, come. *Antonio*.

455

457

*Exeunt.**Enter Nerissa.*

Por. Enquire the Iewes house out, giue him this deede,
And let him signe it, wee'l away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home :
This deede will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

4

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane,
My Lord *Bassanio* vpon more aduice,
Hath sent you heere this Ring, and doth intreate
Your company at dinner,

5

Por. That cannot be,
This Ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Shylockes* house.

8

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sit, I would speake with you.
He see if I can get my husbands Ring,

12

Which I did make him sweare to keepe for euer,

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shall haue old swearing
That they did giue the Rings away to men,
But weele out-face them, and out-sweare them too,
Away, make hast, thou know'ft where I will tarry.

15-16

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house ?

20

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The Moone shines bright.
In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the Trees,

2

The Comicall History of

4 And they did make no noyse, in such a night,
Troilus me-thinks mounted the Troyan wals,
 And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian Tents
 Where *Cressida* lay that night,

Iessica. In such a night
 Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dew,
 8 And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
 And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
 10 Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand
 Vpon the wilde sea banks, and waft her Loue
 To come againe to *Carthage*.

Iessica. In such a night,
 12 *Medea* gathered the enchanted hearbs
 That did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night
 16 Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Jew,
 And with an vnthrifit loue did runne from Venice,
 As farre as Belmont.

Iessica. In such a night
 18 Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he loued her well,
 Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
 And nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
 20 Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shrew)
 Slander her Loue, and he forgaued it her.

Iessica. I would out-night you did nobody come :
 24 But hearken, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Messenger.

25 *Loren*. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Messen. A friend.

Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend.

28 *Messen*. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
 My mistris will before the breake of day

the Merchant of Venice.

Be heere at *Belmont*, she doth stray about
By holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlockes houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Messen. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you is my Master yet return'd?

Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
And ceremoniously let vs prepare
Some welcome for the Mistris of the house.

Enter Clowne.

Clowne. Sola, sola: wo ha, ho sola, sola.

Loren. Who calles?

Clown. Sola, did you see *M. Lorenzo*, *M. Lorenzo*, sola, sola.

Loren. Leaue hollowing man, heere.

Clown. Sola, where, where?

Loren. Heere.

Clown. Tell him there's a Post come from my Master, with
his horne full of good newes, my Master will be heere ere mor-
ning, sweete soule.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming,
And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend *Stephano*, signifie I pray you
Within the house, your mistris is at hand,
And bring your musicke foorth into the ayre.
How sweete the Moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke
Creep in our eares soft stilnesse, and the night
Become the rutches of sweete harmony:
Sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlayed with pattents of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst,
But in his motion like an Angell sings,
Still quiring to the young eide Cherubins;

Such

The Comicall History of

Such harmony is in immortall foules,
 64 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossely close in it, we cannot heare it.
 7 Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with him a hymne,
 With sweetest rouches pierce your mistris care,
 68 And draw her home with Musicke.

Musicke plays.

Ief. I am neuer merry, when I heare sweete Musick.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentiuē :
 For, do but note a wilde and wanton heard,
 72 Or race of youthfull and vnhandled Colts,
 Ferching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing lowd,
 Which is the hot condition of their blood,
 If they perchance but heare a Trumpet sound,
 76 Or any aire of musicke touch their eares,
 You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,
 Their sauage eies turn'd to a modest gaze,
 By the sweete power of musicke. Therefore the Poet
 80 Did faine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.
 Since nought so stockish hard and full of rage,
 But musicke for the time doth change his nature :
 The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,
 84 Nor is not mou'd with concord of sweete sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagemes, and spoyles,
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 7 and his affections darke as *Terebus* :
 88 Let no such man be trusted. Marke the Musicke.

Enter Nerriſſa and Portia.

89 *Por.* That light we see is burning in my hall :
 How farre that little candle throwes his beames,
 So shines a good deede in a naughty world.

92 *Ner.* When the Moone shone we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse.
 A substitute shines brightly as a King,

Vntill

the Merchant of Venice.

Vntill a King be by, and then his state
Empties it selfe, as doth an in-land brooke
Into the maine of waters : Musicke, harke.

Ner. It is your musicke Madam of the house.

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
Methinkes it founds much sweeter then by day.

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam.

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke,
When neither is attended : and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When euey Goose is eackling, would be thought
No better a Musitian then the Wren.

How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection.
Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Lor. That is the voice,

Or I am much deceiu'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes
The Cucko, by the bad voyce.

Lor. Deere Lady, welcome home.

Por. We haue bin praying for our husband health,
Which speed we hope the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Loren. Madam, they are not yet :
But there is come a Messenger before,
To signifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerrissa*,
Giue order to my seruants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Iessica* nor you.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Por. This night me thinkes is but the day light sicke,
It lookes a little paler, tis a day,
Such as the day is when the Sunne is hid,

K

Enter

96

100

104

108

110

112

114

118

120

124

The Comickall History of

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

128 *Bass.* We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in absence of the sunne.

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauy husband,
And neuer be *Bassanio* so for me,
132 But God fort all : y'are welcome home my Lord.

Bass. I thanke you Madame, giue welcome to my friend,
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

136 *Por.* You should in all sence be much bound to him,
For as I heare, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more then I am well acquitted of.

140 *Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house,
It must appeare in other wayes then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing curtesie.

Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke,
144 Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it (*Loue*) so much at hart.

Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter ?

148 *Gra.* About a hoope of gold, a paltry ring
That she did giue me, whose poesie was
For all the world like Cutlers poetry
Vpon a knife, *Loue me, and leaue me not:*

152 *Ner.* What talke you of the poesie or the value ;
You swore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would weare it till your houre of death,
And that it should lye with you in your graue,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
156 You should haue beene respectiue, and haue kept it.
Gaued it a Iudges Clarke ; no God's my Iudge,
The Clarke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra.

the Merchant of Venice.

Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man.

Ner. I, if a woman liue to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clarke,
A prating boy that begd it as a fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,
To part so slightly with your wiues first gift,
A thing stucke on with oaths vpon your finger,
And so riueted with faith vnto your flesh.
I gaue my Loue a ring, and made him sweare
Neuer to part with it, and heere he stands;
I dare be sworne for him he would not leaue it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cause of greefe,
And twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And sweare I lost the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gaue his ring away
Vnto the Iudge that begd it, and indeed
Deseru'd it to: and then the boy his Clarke
That tooke some paines in writing, he begd mine,
And neither man nor master would take ought
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you recei'd of me.

Bass. If I could adde a lye vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
Hath not the ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por. Euen so void is your false heart of truth.
By heauen I will nere come in your bed,
Vntill I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I againe see mine.

The Comickall History of

192 *Bass.* Sweet *Portia*,
 If you did know to whome I gaue the Ring,
 If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,
 And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,
 196 And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,
 When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
 You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
 200 Of halfe her worthinesse that gaue the Ring,
 Or your owne honor to containe the Ring,
 You would not then haue parted with the Ring.
 What man is there so much vnreasonable,
 204 If you had pleas'd to haue defended it
 With any termes of zeale, wanted the modesty
 To vrge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerrissa teaches me what to beleue,
 208 He die for't, but some woman had the Ring.

Bass. No by my honor Madam, by my soule
 No woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
 Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,
 212 And begd the Ring, the which I did deny him,
 And suffer'd him to go away displeas'd,
 Euen he that did vphold the very life
 Of my deere friend. What should I say sweet Lady?

216 I was enforc'd to send it after him:
 I was beset with shame and courtesie,
 My honour would not let ingratitude
 So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
 220 For by these blessed Candles of the night,
 Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue begd
 The Ring of me, to giue the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,
 224 Since he hath got the ieuell that I loued,
 And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
 I will become as liberall as you,
 227 He not deny him any thing I haue,

No,

the Merchant of Venice.

No, not my bodie, nor my husbands bed :

228

Know him I shall, I am well sure of it,

Lye not a night from home : watch me like Argos,

If you do not, if I be left alone,

Now by mine honor, which is yet mine owne.

232

He haue that Doctor for my bed-fellow.

Ner. And I his Clarke : therefore be well aduifd

How you do leaue me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well do you so: let not me take him then,

236

For if I do, He marre the yong Clarkes pen.

An. I am th'vnhappy subiect of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, greeue not you, you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgiue me this enforced wrong,

240

And in the hearing of these many friends

I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes,

Wherein I see my selfe.

Por. Marke you but that.

In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe :

244

In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,

And there's an oath of credite.

Bass. Nay, but heare me,

Patdon this fault, and by my soule I sweare,

I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.

248

An. I once did lend my body for his wealth,

Which but for him that had your husband Ring,

Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,

My soule vpon the forfet, that your Lord

252

Will neuer more breake faith aduifedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety ; giue him this,

And bid him keepe it better then the other.

An. Heere Lord *Bassanio*, sweare to keepe this Ring.

256

Bass. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him ; pardon me *Bassanio*,

For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,

260

For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke,

The Comicall History of

In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high wayes
In summer, where the wayes are faire enough.

What are we Cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it?

Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;

Heere is a Letter, reade it at your leifure,

It comes from *Padua* from *Bellario*,

There you shall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,

Nerrissa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere

Shall witnesse I set foorth as soone as you,

And euen but now return'd; I haue not yet

Entred my house. *Antonio*, you are welcome,

And I haue better newes in store for you

Then you expect; vnseale this letter soone,

There you shall finde three of your Argofies

Are richly come to harbour sodainly.

You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this Letter.

Ant. I am dumbe.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clarke that is to make me Cuckold?

Ner. I, but the Clarke that neuer meanes to do it,

Vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man.

Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bed-fellow,

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

An. Sweet Lady, you haue giuen me life and liuing;

For heere I reade for certaine, that my Ships

Are safely come to Rode.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*,

My Clarke hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. I, and ile giue them him without a fee,

There do I giue to you and *Jessica*

From the rich Iew, a speciall deed of gift

After his death, of all he dies posselt off.

Loren. Faire Ladies, you drop Manns in the way

Of starued people.

Por.

the Merchant of Venice.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I me sure you are not satisfied
Of these euent at full. Let's go in,
And charge vs there vpon intergotories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergotory
That my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two houres to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it darke,
That I were couching with the Clarke.
Well, while I liue, ile feare no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissa's* Ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



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300

304

307





